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Vol. VI.

OCTOBER, 1900.

No. 4.

"Let there be progress, therefore; a widespread and eager progress in every century and epoch, both of individuals and of the general body, of every Christian and of the whole Church; a progress in intelligence, knowledge and wisdom, but always within their natural limits and without sacrifice of the identity of Catholic teaching, feeling and opinion."—*St. VINCENT OF LERINS, Commonit., c. 6.*

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A CENTURY OF CATHOLICISM.¹

One hundred years ago this old world of ours went through a chain of crises such as it had never experienced since the dissolution of the civil power of Rome. Men have agreed to call these crises by the name of the French Revolution, because France was the principal scene of these mighty overturnings, and because she has never ceased to maintain the results and to propagate the spirit and the aims of these marvelous decades. Her children were the philosophers, prophets, poets and generals of the Revolution, as well as its law-makers and executors. From Syria to Drontheim, from Paris to San Domingo, wherever the tricolor waved and the drum beat out the Marseillaise, there rose from the throats of countless men of France such a protest against the existing condition of things in this world as was never before heard by any ill-fated shepherds of men. The oppressed millions of Germany, England, Italy and Austria sympathized with this wild outburst of a whole people. Their rulers in vain tried to curb the new power that had broken its bonds like a volcano and was vomiting on all sides death and destruction. You know the story—that awful “Night of the Gods”—the unparalleled decade from 1790 to 1800, the glorious shame and the shameful glory, the injustice of men and the long-delayed justice of God, the tottering and engulfing of thrones and altars and the upbuilding of new social foundments, the final passing of old and decayed social strata and the consolidation anew of

¹ Discourse delivered at Montreal, June 11, in aid of the new English Catholic High School, attached to St. Patrick's parish. Only the conditions of the Church in the Old World are touched on.

rank and class, the golden roll of the world's greatest victories and the unspeakable groanings and agonies of a whole society slaughtered, apparently for ambition's sake,—more truly as an enormous providential blood-letting for a fever that was running in irresistible paroxysms. Behold now the deepest mystery of it all! These millions, drunk with license and triumph, free from all restraint, clamor once more for a master. On the blood-soaked soil of France, under the shadow of a thousand guillotines, in an atmosphere of savagery and blasphemy, they are building anew the throne of a king,—nay, of a king of kings, an emperor, and will lift upon it the figure of the Little Corsican! Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena hallow it with more blood than was poured out about the thrones of Alexander or Cæsar. In the wake of this great consecration, law and order, peace and humanity come timidly back to their places. Time mends again her shattered loom and spins anew the usual web of life. Man had wanted to see by what original processes and vicissitudes society was formed; he had wished to penetrate those ancient and awesome secrets of God and history that were well forgotten. One brief hour of Marat, Danton, Robespierre, and the thousand human monsters that he had loosed from their cages, was enough. Let there be one chief henceforth, and let men shudder no more before these fatal—

“Dragons of the prime
That tear each other in their slime.”

Naturally, one turns first to the so-called Latin nations—the peoples gathered about the basin of the Mediterranean—that hiving-place of human culture. They were the first to receive the blessings of the New Law. They are yet, in numbers, the backbone of Catholicism—38 millions in France, 31 millions in Italy, 18 millions in Spain, 5 millions in Portugal, to whom must be added the compact Catholic populations of Bavaria, Austria, Southern Germany, and Switzerland, whose lands are drained by the great Midland Sea.¹ More than one-half the Catholic population of the globe

¹ For the civil statistics see Whitaker's Almanac for 1900.

is massed in these lands of Central and Southern Europe, once considered vast, but now dwarfed by the incredible expansion of the modern world.

What has been the story of Catholicism in France? From the first to the third republic it has lived under eight governments that were often separated by violent revolutions and reactions. The first republic was like a hurricane for the Church. The bark of Peter was stripped in the twinkling of an eye of all its fittings and tossed upon the waves of revolution a broken and a battered hulk. Without warning or preparation lands, revenues, ancient privilege, rights, authority, customs, administration, teaching—all was cleared away. The name of God was blotted out, the months and days renamed and renumbered as a symbol of the thoroughness of the change. There was no more Sunday. The tenth day was assigned as the day of rest. The unity with the See of Peter was broken, the priests and bishops elected by popular majorities,—the oath to the State took the place of the oath to Jesus Christ. Nearly fifty thousand priests were cast out of their places, and the consciences of millions of Frenchmen, priests and laymen, suffered untold agonies. The white vesture of churches was rent or soiled—the gift of a pious race during thirteen centuries. Never did the devil hold higher carnival than when at last he overthrew the Catholicism of France and lifted on the high altar of glorious Notre Dame a wretched woman as the goddess of reason. Then came the victorious Napoleon and the Concordat. Religion could again walk abroad with peace and dignity. Only those who have lived through a storm can appreciate any port, however unlovely. The Concordat was indeed a port after a furious storm. Faulty and suspicious, unfairly interpreted, and jealously administered, it has yet sheltered Catholicism in France for a century, and one may well grow pale at the thought of its abolition. It healed the ugliest schism of modern times and prevented the creation of a new Byzantium across the Alps, on the public highway to Rome of the northern and transatlantic peoples. The history of the Church of France in this century is the history of this Concordat. Neither Louis XVIII. nor Charles X., neither Louis Philippe nor the Second Republic, neither the Sec-

ond Empire nor the Third Republic have canceled the letter of the law, however oppressive and hypocritical its interpretation. Yet its peace was dearly purchased by the simultaneous suppression of the 128 old sees of France, several of whose bishops never resigned, the sacrifice of all the church property and the acceptance of an arbitrary pittance of State salary, the compulsory participation of the government in the selection of bishops and parish priests, the humiliation of all things ecclesiastical before a bureaucracy that is often more than Turkish in its infidelity.

Looking over the history of the clergy of France for a hundred years one sees clearly that the chief evil is this hampering influence of the State, by which the bishop and the curé are completely, as it were, in the meshes of the law at every step. In spite of its bureaucracy there has been in France a growing individual liberty for the citizen—but not for the priest. He, on the contrary, has been gradually driven to the sacristy and his garden. Old communal and municipal liberties, the delight of the historian, have been suppressed lest he profit by local esteem and affection. In opposition to him the centralization of France has been pushed to a ruinous and ridiculous extent. His means of living have been steadily curtailed, arbitrarily suppressed; even the original rights of the Concordat have, in great measure, been taken from him, so that the average diocesan priest of France is, perhaps, to-day the most defenceless man, juridically, in this wide world. Nevertheless, his patience and humility have had their reward. The curé of France has held to the rock of unity, has pursued the path of learning, has worked manfully on the margin left him, has preached the gospel without failing and verified it in his life. There has been in France within a hundred years many a Curé of Ars, many a holy man whose innocent hermit life has been like an aroma of sanctity, winning countless souls from infidelity. If he could have only the women and children, be it so. They too were souls, and the most beloved of Christ.

Now, there is an irresistible charm in religion, especially for the poor and the lowly. In it they find that justice and equality the world talks of,—but does not easily give. “Non

magna loquimur, sed vivimus."¹ From this point of view there has been a steady progress in the Church of France,—no French Revolution is possible to-day. There has been no diminution in the building of churches, in the opening of schools and colleges, in the creation of works of charity, in the manifestation of Christian piety and humility, like pilgrimages, the veneration of the Saints, the sympathy for the souls in Purgatory.

Indeed, we may say that the French curé is the teacher of modern Catholicism, for it is from France that we all take our religious impulses to-day. Its Christian art, its literature of piety, its holy places, have exercised an incredible influence on the modern world. No wonder that Napoleon wanted to transfer the seat of the papacy to Paris, and began by carrying off to that city all the Roman Archives.

In the history of the Church of France there has never been such a flowering of zeal for Jesus Christ. There are many evidences of this, but I take it we may see it especially in the work of the missions, in the field of journalism, in the new phenomenon of the apostolic Catholic layman, in the religious orders and congregations. The latter naturally flourish, and from very worthy motives, in Catholicism; but there must be a special reason for this in France. The want of dignity and comfort among the diocesan clergy often makes the religious life seem preferable,—in it there are at least justice, assurance of support, and inner personal freedom. Very often the native liberty of the Church has been totally curtailed. Only in these religious orders their numbers, their independence, and their foreign relations made it possible for them to offer an exemplary resistance, where the curé and the bishop were bound hand and foot. The religious eat no bread of the state,—they are independent, and deal directly with the people, have an assured canonical status and protection,—while the curé is the anvil on whose head are fought out at last all the ugliest differences between Church and State. If there was not in the average French curé something of the tough old Keltic Auvergnat, something of Breton granitic tenacity, he would have become worse than the "popes" of Russia. As it is, the curé of France enjoys to-day the esteem

¹ St. Cyprian.

of all who know him, and often from non-Catholics extorts such words of praise as Mr. John Bodley has lately written concerning him.¹ You may add to Chaucer's description of the poor priest of mediæval England the lovely page in which Lamartine describes the parish priest of France, his door ever open, his staff ever ready, his lantern ever lit, to bring to the faithful the consolations of religion.

In the religious orders and the schools the bishop and the curé found their natural auxiliaries,—hence the opposition to Catholicism in France has long pivoted on these two centres. Wealth, politics, aristocracy, no longer furnished reason for oppression. The rights of association, of teaching, of inheriting,—the ordinary rights of every citizen,—were attacked. Here the lay journalist and the lay apostle appeared as providential helpers. Our Catholic press dates from Lamennais, when in his first fervor, before his sad and forever regrettable fall, he taught men how to seize on their rights under the law, and excogitated, long before von Ihering, the theory of the social necessity of the defence of rights acquired. Lacordaire, Montalembert, and a hundred others caught his inspiration—the *Correspondant*, the *Univers*, and other publications became models for the new institution—the liberty of teaching was obtained in the Falloux law of 1850, and again by the creation in 1873 of Catholic pro-universities. Catholic France had learned how to agitate from that eternally complaining being—the Irishman, whose tongue is forever proving to his enemy why he should cease torturing him. It was from Daniel O'Connell that the French Catholic agitation caught its first inspiration. His long and single-handed struggle for Emancipation had shown what one man could do when he had a people behind him. We need not wonder that Catholic France gave O'Connell the most solemn funeral of the century,—a funeral second only to that of another great Liberator, Châteaubriand. At Paris the Padre Ventura preached during three days over O'Connell, as loath to let go this Moses of Catholicism as Rome was to see the ashes of Caesar laid away forever,—those

“ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.”

¹ In a late issue of the *Times*, writing from France, he calls the French clergy “the most virtuous and disinterested social body that I know.”

The apostolic labors of Catholic men of France have won the admiration of the world,—Frederic Ozanam and the Society of St. Vincent de Paul have been the inspiration of countless similar works, not only among Catholics, but among non-Catholics. The spirit of Social Justice has no nobler soul to show than Léon Harmel, at once a Christian master and capitalist. The de Broglies, de Falloux, de Muns, Kolb-Bernards, Chesnelongs, have been a glory to the Church of France. As long as men protest, they are not conquered,—it is only when the voice is extinguished that the spirit of liberty dies. All hail, therefore, to that noble progeny of men of France who have never failed to assert the truth, leaving it with God to make it triumph!

The missions of Catholicism are our pride, but we forget that they are almost entirely the creation of the Church of France. Her sons and daughters founded them, bedewed them with their sweat and blood, spent themselves on them; her citizens have been the principal contributors since 1822 to this work. The total of the army of salvation that labors on the foreign missions is about 60,000, men and women, priests and brothers. Most of the 12,000 Catholic missionaries are Frenchmen,—a still greater share of the 44,000 Catholic Sisters of the missions come from the "sweet land of France," her laymen have gone by thousands as working brothers, humble servants, masons, carpenters, anything so as to aid in the good work. Only the construction of the mighty cathedrals of the Middle Ages, only the Crusades ever called forth such devotion.

The external story of religion in the Iberian peninsula is anything but refreshing. Spain has been torn in this century by political passion. The Revolution left it a prey to contending parties. Should its principles and results remain or should they be cast out? The action of Ferdinand VII. in abolishing the Salic Law of succession in favor of his infant daughter Isabella created the party of Carlists, around which centre regularly the various oppositions to the actual government. Regencies, weak female government, an inherited pseudo-liberalism with a Voltairian streak and spirit, jealousy of ecclesiastical wealth, the disunion of Catholics,—above all

the absence of popular instruction, are responsible for those political conditions of Spain that affect religion more than they do elsewhere because of the former intimate and immemorial union of Church and State.

A profound official corruption brought about the revolt and loss of all her possessions. All measures are half-hearted in Spain,—the Church is robbed, but the robbers pay an annual dividend (when they can), often begging back no small part of that poor pittance of the Church. Spain is not united in the sense that France or England are. There are corners of Spain that only yesterday came in—Navarre and Catalonia. They sigh yet for their mediæval independence, especially when they are called on to bear the burdens of a false foreign policy and the inherited personal debts of Spanish and French Bourbons and the society of Madrid. The Spanish Church has suffered grievously in dignity, in power, in internal and external development, from the endless palace-revolutions of the century, from the breaking and making of Concordats, from the interference with the bishops, from a certain incapacity on both sides to follow some *via media* until the distracted land caught its breath. The modern world is democratic, commercial, socialistic, industrial. Spain is aristocratic in its government, with a bureaucracy of diluted Voltairians, cut off from the rest of the continent by the mighty wall of the Pyrenees, an isolated world of hopes and possibilities that may blossom again so soon as a genuine, practical and mutually tolerant patriotism shall dominate all classes. Spain is henceforth a strictly European state, with a population of about 18,000,000, a large majority of which cannot read or write. What will happen if one day anti-Catholic influences seize finally the civil power and proceed to instruct that people? Will that instruction be in the sense of Catholicism? If the fates make the German Kaiser, or the French Republic, or an Italian Radical Federation of the Mediterranean the arbiter of Spain's internal difficulties, will not the masses of the people be soon turned against their natural Catholicism, and the same phenomenon repeated that we see in France and Italy?

If possible, the treatment of the Church, in Portugal, by the House of Braganza, has been still worse. Freemasonry,

of the most virulent type, has devastated the society of that once vigorous State, has even affected the clergy, and has gradually led the people to the verge of a schism. The relations of the Holy See with Portugal have been highly strained until a recent date. The spirit of the *Encyclopédie*,—a vicious and unreasoning hatred of all religion, and yet the iron will to use it as a yoke for the people,—this spirit is yet rampant in Portugal. The internal independence of the Catholic Church in this constitutional kingdom, where all of its five millions of people are Catholics, is represented by zero. There is more intelligence of Catholicism, more good will for its growth, more appreciation of its constitution and spirit among the Protestants of the countries that speak English than in all the governments of Portugal since the Revolution. To honest Protestants the Catholic Church has been an enemy, chiefly through calumny and false statements. When they see her at work, as in Canada and in the United States, they are seized with admiration for her true scope and spirit. But in these so-called Latin countries the Church is a slave, a chattel, to be used by infidels calling themselves "Ministers of Worship," when they are only too often ministers of anti-worship, like the Italian soldiers who mount guard at the Holy House of Loretto and take away half the gifts of those faithful who come from all parts of the world, in order to send them to the usurping government of the Quirinal, that it may thereby be strengthened,—or like those French officials who extort a heavy percentage from the revenues of the Grotto of Lourdes, thereby making the piety of the universal faithful a contributor to iniquitous legislation against the Church.

There are some hard and painful things in modern Catholicism—among them is its backward and persecuted condition in the lands where it is the sole public religion. But this is done by a small number of men who are not Catholics, on principles foreign to Catholicism. It is a story of the victors abusing the vanquished, not the natural development of true Catholicism. These peoples do not understand the theory or practice of a constitutional government, the rights

of minorities, the spirit of mutual toleration. The oppressed seem to wait with philosophy the hour when they in turn shall become oppressors. Thus the bitterness and hate grow apace, just because it is war to the knife and no quarter. In history such peoples have always been compelled to call in a third party to govern them. And now that the Hispanic world-power is gone, the old jealousies of the seventeenth century are not unlikely to arise. The peninsulas of the Mediterranean are not unlikely to again furnish the battlefields for the insatiate greeds and ambitions of Europe.

But all this is slight in comparison with the condition created for the Catholic Church in its original home—Italy. Here the governments for a century have gone on persecuting it until it is a wonder that anything remains of the popular faith. A century ago the Cisalpine Republic began the evil work, and with a short interruption, it was carried on after the Congress of Vienna by the government of Turin. All the rights, privileges, lands, revenues of the Italian church were gradually withdrawn. All its means of development were sealed up. The secret societies were encouraged, the Carbonari and all kinds of Illuminism, until they coalesced in a sectarian Freemasonry. Instruction and teaching were hampered,—every Catholic interest or tradition given over to scorn. Bible societies and Protestant missionaries were called in. History was travestied, until the very name and dress of a priest became a mockery. Finally, step by step, in 1859, 1866, and 1870, the Temporal Power of the Bishop of Rome was abolished, and the deathblow given to those principles of legitimacy that had prevailed at the elevation of the House of Savoy in 1815. The most venerable and gentle of the powers of Europe was extinguished and an anomalous and impossible condition created for the head of the Catholic world. Finally, it has come to this pass that the most Catholic of peoples has no official relation through its government with the head of the Church, with the result that the moral basis of public authority in Italy is daily crumbling to its base. Hence the awful falsity of the public life of the Italians. The popular foundations of the government,—the hearts of the

people,—are henceforth uncertain. The only hope of the actual government is to plunge the people daily more and more into absolute irreligiosity, which it does with good success. The secret societies of Italy are now a world-wide power, the *Mafias* and the *Camorras*, that escape all control at home or abroad. The public and salutary influence of religion was never more needed in a commonwealth than in the present Italy. Nor would it be a long and difficult task to restore Catholicism to its ancient prestige,—the obstacle lies not in the people, naturally religious and docile, but in the apathy and selfishness of the mass of bourgeois Italy and the sectarian fierceness of secret societies nourished on erroneous views of the past history of Italy and the future possibilities of the lovely land "*dove il si suona.*"

The Catholic religion is officially the religion of the state, yet it is excluded from the instruction of youth, from the primary grades to the university. The Church covered the land with edifices for the people, yet they are closed or neglected or confiscated. The piety of good Italians has provided for ten thousand wants,—noble foundations,—the government has squandered all. To protect its usurpation it has made a burdensome and impolitic alliance which forces it to keep an army and a navy beyond its means or needs. Citizens emigrate by hundreds of thousands because they cannot pay the 40 per cent. taxes that the government cannot do without. Its great officers are corrupt, and frankly so; its public funds openly pillaged, its subject-masses ever breaking out in bread riots and agrarian riots. Were it not for the enriching stream of Catholic travel the politics of Italy would be already occupying the attention of Germany and France in a military way. The government of a state of thirty-two millions of people can never be indifferent to its neighbors.

Let us breathe for one moment in a higher and holier atmosphere! Whatever be the conditions created for the Catholic Church by the time and the circumstances, her internal life is always beautiful and worthy of the constant indwelling of the Holy Spirit. There is to begin with, that sanctity of life and belief and practices that never ceases,

like a perpetual incense, to rise before God from a Catholic people. Such a people leads a sacramental life, therefore a mystic and God-like life, even though the world see it not and appreciate it not. The daily Mass and the round of holy prayer, the use and the grace of the Sacraments, the daily workings of Catholic institutions, domestic teaching, the family life, the holy aroma of traditions rooted in religion, themselves almost a religion, the educational influence of the great monuments of faith and piety—cathedrals, churches, works of religious art, pilgrimages, relics of the saints (the ideal heroes of those peoples), and a hundred other things, operate to keep alive religion as an asset of the soul that it cannot and ought not abandon. These southern peoples have a peculiar spirit and calling. They are not rudely and easily republican as northern nations are. And Catholicism has always been to them a school of training, of respect, of virtue, of progress. In it they easily confound the natural and the supernatural. They have never known the persecution of heresy; they have not the habit of life in a non-Catholic state,—therefore they do not grasp the need of religious toleration. On the other hand, there is in them an easy tolerance of absolutism, a doctrinaire spirit, a thirst for surface-unity that takes little or no note of the individual, lost in the welfare of the whole. It was not always so; the mediæval Italy and Spain were the cradle of modern democracy. Their present political conditions are a sad inheritance of the worst elements of the Renaissance and the Reformation.

For the Roman Catholic the story of Russia and Poland are one in this century. The triple partition of Poland in the latter half of the eighteenth century did infinite damage to the interests of the Church. Catherine II. alone withdrew 8,000,000 united Greeks from the obedience of the Holy See. Paul I. and Alexander II. in the first quarter of the century, were milder and more humane towards the Poles. But their gentleness has been atoned for by the cruelties of the last seventy years. In the years 1835 to 1840, 5,000,000 Catholic Ruthenians were divorced by fraud and violence from the Church of Rome (through the co-operation of an apostate archbishop), and

incorporated with the Russian Church. Pope Gregory XVI. protested with apostolic courage and vigor, but in vain. The Russian Bear does not easily let go his prey. The Polish rebellions of 1830 and 1863 have given Russia still further excuse for robbing these poor defenceless people of their religion. Their churches have been closed, their hierarchy disrupted, their seminaries abolished, their properties confiscated, their consciences forced in a hundred ways. The reign of Nicholas I. (1825-1855), Alexander II. (1855-1881), Alexander III. (1881-1894), have been disgraced by the most hideous cruelties. Until lately the pages of such books as "Elisabeth, the Exile of Siberia" and Montalembert's "A Nation in Mourning" (1861) were literally true. George Keenan has again and again illustrated the horrors of these lonesome wastes and the cruelties of the Siberian journey. Russia has evaded or broken every Concordat with the Holy See, has substituted for religious action a most cunning Byzantinism of lying, intrigue, and deception. Determined to produce an external unity of religion, she has compounded with every schism and moral disorder that she might fight the Holy See. Her own wretched and disgraceful heresies multiply,—they count now 15,000,000 out of a population of 129,000,000, while the Roman Catholics of Russia are perhaps not more than 2,000,000. The awful pages of de Maistre are yet true as to the irreligion of the upper classes, the perfunctory nature of the religious practices, the scandalous degradation of their married clergy, the scorn that the ecclesiastical state deserves, the frank heresy of their teachings, the infidelity and immorality of the governing classes. Not only de Maistre, but the Jesuit fathers Grivel and Gagarin, have left lurid accounts of the Russian Church, the results of long experience and observation. They are corroborated by friendly writers like Wallace, and by enemies of Russia like George Keenan. Ignorance and a superstitious and low view of religion abound.

Russia is a despotism tempered as yet with religion. But the day those masses acquire a greater knowledge they will spurn the religion that has helped to keep them enslaved. If we could resurrect the empire of Constantinople in the fifth or

sixth centuries, with its pride, its haughtiness, and its tyranny over consciences, we should see the true parent of modern Muscovy. Unhappy Poland has not suffered in its religion under the rule of German Austria, but its condition has been deplorable under the rule of German Prussia. The purpose of the latter is clear, to make its Polish provinces Protestant, or at least to sterilize their Catholic life. When I reflect on the condition of a nation like Poland, it seems to me that all expressions of sympathy with any other oppressed nation are mere comedy, so long as we can do nothing to build up again the barrier-state of Poland. We are told that under the present czar there are hopes for the Church of Poland. A diplomatic officer of the Vatican is now stationed at St. Petersburg—but how little can be expected from a government that has just forbidden the Polish bishops to celebrate the Feast of the Sacred Heart! If this be the line of conduct of the Holy Synod for the twentieth century, we may see repeated the whole series of hypocrisy, violence, and injustice that mark the treatment of the Polish Catholics since Catherine II.'s time. And can any Catholic desire to see the influence of Russia grow in China and India, when her first act of power will be to exclude every Roman Catholic missionary?

The Empire of Austria is confessedly Catholic. There clings to it yet some aroma of that holy Roman Empire of the German nation that Napoleon extinguished at Lunéville, in 1803. Personally its rulers have done much to wipe away the evil effects of the false liberalism of Joseph II. in the last century. A concordat favorable enough governed the relations of Church and State until some thirty years ago, when it was modified by the civil power, for reasons very inane and childish, to our way of thinking. There is often in the governments of the best of these old European states a false view of man, conscience, society, the office of the Church. They insist on the control over every episcopal election, over the relation of the bishops and Rome, over the relation of bishops and priests, the priests and people; but they give nothing back in return. In their relations with the Church all is suspicion, fear, often hatred and persecution. The officialism of these lands is deeply tainted with an

ignorant retrograde Voltairianism. The changes to a constitutional monarchy have aided neither kings nor peoples—only the middleway bureaucrats. Hence the rapid unchecked growth of the most revolutionary infidelity, of philosophies that mine the basis of all Christian society, of enormous wealth gotten by collusion, nowise subject to any effective criticism by the people. Hence the spectacle of race against race, as in Austria, Czech against German, Slav against Teuton, the whole congeries of provinces and peoples in a threatening ferment, whose end no man can foresee, except it be the autocrat of the Neva.

In Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia the Church has saved to some extent its landed wealth and privilege; but these old mediæval conditions feed the opposition of its enemies and compel a peculiar legislation that is always made up of compromises and half measures. It is not always Catholicism that profits by the debates and resolutions at Vienna and Pesth. While there is and can be no open persecution, the future is not of the rosiest, even to those who are highest placed in the councils of the Church in the land of the double-headed eagle. The universities and the secret societies are unfriendly or hostile. The Churchmen are accused of valuing more their privileges than the welfare of the people. One faction of the long dominant race of the Germans clamors for a continuation of its pre-eminence at the apparent expense of Austrian unity, even to the verge of declaring a schism against Rome, if the Holy See will not join in the warfare as its ally. The White Bear looks on with joy, knowing that all such agitation drives the Slavs of Austria daily into the camp of Pan-slavism, and that the masses in the conterminous provinces will fall away to him on that dread day when Europe meets to settle with arms the final ownership of the Balkan peninsula—a problem that has been awaiting solution for over two hundred years.

In Germany it is the victories of Napoleon that changed the conditions of Catholicism. In the height of his power he drew the lines of France at the left bank of the Rhine,—the dispossessed German princes were to get compensation across

the river from the lands of the semi-ecclesiastical states, which were then secularized. Of the 300 little rulers of divided Germany Prussia came out best. The Church of Germany lost a revenue of \$10,000,000 and the civil direction of 3,000,000 souls. Prussia got out of the Church lands five times what she lost through Napoleon. With this there came a new sense of power and a determination, sooner or later, to bend the Catholicism of the new lands in the sense of a territorial religion, *i. e.*, to enslave it as the Evangelical churches are enslaved. If we add to this policy of Prussia the short-sighted, false and jealous liberalism of Bavaria and the House of Baden, we have the impelling causes of all the maltreatment of German Catholicism. In the thirties and forties the question of mixed marriages was brought out with the shining episode of the imprisonment and resistance of Droste-Vischering, the Archbishop of Cologne. You know how the Archbishop of Posen defended the spiritual welfare of his unhappy Poles, how the State of Baden compelled the See of Freiburg to remain vacant for sixteen years, and has never yet entered on decent and just relations with the Catholic majority of that land. The spirit, if not the letter, of religious equality before the law (*Parität*) is daily violated against Catholicism. Mixed marriages are favored if they end in the abandonment of Catholicism, and the university chairs are closed practically against all teachers who are frankly and squarely Catholic. You know the history of the *Culturkampf*,—it is of yesterday,—and how the Prussian government has saved out of the wreck of its excessive pretensions no inconsiderable influence over the nominations to episcopal sees and to the most important parishes. The Catholic Church in Germany has lost not less than two millions of souls in this century, owing to tyrannous acts and repressive legislation. On the other hand, the necessity of self-preservation has aroused all Catholic Germany. Men like Bishop Ketteler and Cardinal Geissel and Bishop Martin, of Paderborn, have not been wanting. Great laymen, unsurpassed champions of justice, have arisen,—Görres, Windthorst, Mallinckrodt, the Reichenspergers. Societies and associations of every kind have sprung up as if by magic. The Center party has shown

what can be accomplished by the intelligent and consistent use of constitutional liberties. A spirit as of new life has been breathed into the body of German Catholicism. Unions are found in Germany for every good purpose, like the Bonifatius Union for the home missions and the Görres Society for the historical defense of Catholicism. The interests of their religion are discussed annually in a congress where the majority of speakers are Catholic laymen, but where all,—bishops, priests and laymen,—work together with a common accord that is in itself a victory,—for we Catholics never lost any good cause except through disunion and mutual jealousy. At the end of the century the Catholics of Germany may look back with some sorrow on certain decades of their history, but with much pride and joy on others,—especially on their long martyrdom in the *Culturkampf*, when they were encouraged and consoled by letters from their brethren in the new world. Out of the 52,000,000 of the population of the German Empire about 19,000,000 are Catholics.

They exercise considerable influence on the neighboring Switzerland, where the Catholic Cantons, some fifty years ago, in the domestic warfare of the Secession or *Sonderbund*, were defeated, and long suffered from the reaction. Yet in spite of the Old Catholic party, which is stronger in Protestant Switzerland than elsewhere, in fact is living only there, the Swiss Catholics have been making steady progress. The persecutions of the Catholics of Geneva, Lausanne and *Bâle* have not disheartened them,—neither the confiscation of their churches in favor of the Old Catholics, nor the exile of their bishops, nor the prohibition of religious orders, nor such high-handed wrong as the late revolution in *Ticino*, nor the numerous petty vexations that are always arising in this land that *Alexandre Dumas* used to call a "*pays de sacristans*." There is growing a more centralized action among Swiss Catholics. They are about 1,160,000 out of a population of about 3,000,000. Their *Pius-Union* counts some 20,000 members, and their annual assemblies betray a profound unity between the clergy and the laity. Switzerland is a thorough democratic

land; hence the social movements of the last quarter of a century have found a natural welcome there. It is worthy of all praise that Catholics, especially those of Protestant Cantons, take an active part in all such enterprises. Modern industries are rapidly modifying the religious lines of population in Switzerland,—hence we may look forward to a period of more sincere toleration, perhaps a real peace, such as befits those mighty mountains, the cradle of our popular liberties, and the brave little people that inhabits them.

In Holland the Catholics have more than held their own. The opening years of the century were alternately favorable and unfavorable. They suffered no little under William of Nassau, as long as Belgium and Holland were united. Since 1830 these two lands have finally separated, and in consequence the religious affairs of both have gone on more satisfactorily. In the increasing mental anarchy of the old Dutch Calvinism the Catholic Church has gained. In a population of about 4,000,000 there are 1,500,000 Catholics, with nearly 3,000 priests, and colleges, academies and institutions in proportion. The Catholics have always been among the most active and patriotic members of the Assembly, and their civil zeal has done no little to conciliate the sympathy and good will of their neighbors. Not long ago the University of Leyden established a chair for the teaching of Thomistic theology, and placed in it a Dominican father.

The little State of Belgium has done a noble work for the cause of Catholicism. Since 1830 its population, almost entirely Catholic, has gone up to nearly 7,000,000; its industries and commerce have grown steadily; its prosperity is unparalleled and is a living refutation of the common calumny that where Catholicism dominates there is neither liberty nor progress. Political struggles have kept the population in constant training, and they have long since gotten out of their noble university at Louvain a hundredfold more than they put into it. Hence came the bishops and the priests and the learned public officers and orators who have saved Belgium from becoming a little doctrinaire State after the model of Jean Jacques or Voltaire. Its 2,000 students and its staff of learned scholars are a better pledge of the prosperity of

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this land of mutual justice and toleration than a hundred cruisers or an army of 1,000,000. Though a monarchy in form, Belgium is deeply democratic, and, after the University of Louvain, it is this touching mutual affection of priest and people that has saved Catholicism. Every Catholic interest flourishes in Belgium,—education, art, missions, the care of the poor and the abandoned. In the incredible development of social science and practical local betterment of the popular condition Catholic Belgium may claim a foremost place. A pseudo-liberalism and socialism flourish there it is true, but the Catholic masses have hitherto been able to withstand their impact and keep Belgium in the way of true and orderly progress.

The chief phenomenon of the external life of Catholicism in the nineteenth century is its spread in the English-speaking world. In 1800 there were four bishops or vicars-apostolic in England and two in Scotland,—in both lands there were perhaps 120,000 Catholics. To-day there are in England and Scotland 21 bishops and about 2,000,000 of Catholics, with some 3,000 priests. The prejudices of the English people were first broken by the heroic and patient lives of the hundreds of French priests whom the Revolution cast upon their shores. France, Catholic France at least, owes Protestant England a deep debt of gratitude for the hospitality then exercised towards so many ministers of a faith foreign and hostile to theirs. Then came the long struggle for emancipation, of which the principal burden was borne by the Irish people. But its results were no less welcome to English Catholics, whose position was as yet not much better than what is described in "*Barnaby Rudge*." That day in 1829 on which Daniel O'Connell walked into the House of Commons marked the beginning of political liberty for the Catholics of England. Now, that liberty was won in Clare by men whose souls had almost been ground out of them by the rulers of England in two long and dark centuries of oppression. Since then the Irish people have gone over to England and Scotland in ever-increasing numbers. When we speak of the Catholicism of these countries it is always well to bear in mind that the bulk

of the faithful is of Irish origin. Whoever comes into or goes out of the Catholic Church in England or Scotland, the children of St. Patrick may be long depended on as the nucleus of Catholicism in the British Isles.

When the Lord was thus creating Irish parishes for the Catholic bishops of England, he was preparing that body of intellectual men who were needed to give social character and intellectual prestige to His religion. The Tractarian movement was gradually leading men along those lines that could only end in Catholicism. De Lisle, Manning, Newman, Faber, Wilberforce, Spencer, Palmer, Ward, Allies, and many others were led by study and God's grace to see the error of Anglican schism and heresy. To them and their school are owing many noble books, works, and monuments that will ever remain as trophies of the innate charm and power of truth. In England the Catholic hierarchy was restored, in spite of a futile opposition, in 1850, and to-day there are nearly two hundred bishops of the Catholic Church within the British Empire, i. e., they constitute about one-sixth of the western Latin episcopate. If you include the bishops of the United States—over ninety—then one-quarter of the Latin hierarchy exists in English-speaking countries. There are nearly 14,000,000 of Catholics in the British Empire, and about as many in the United States, hence in all about 28,000,000 of Catholic souls in the English-speaking world. The growth of education and of the congregations and orders in the British Isles has been equally extraordinary. To day Catholic priests may study at Oxford or Cambridge and the orders expelled from France have found hospitality in England, as their predecessors did a hundred years ago. It was with the coöperation of the government that the Catholic hierarchy was established in India in 1886 and, in 1878, in Scotland. Most of the political disabilities of Catholics have been removed in England. The establishment still remains, but gradually undermined by an infidelity that cannot be checked, and by a self-willed suicidal ritualism that stops half way on its return to Catholicism. There are those who, like Ambrose de Lisle, still look for a corporate union of the Anglican Church with the Church of Rome. The recent decision of the Holy Father on the

validity of Anglican orders—no hasty decision, but the result of many years of preliminary discussion—has clouded that prospect very much. There remains but the slow and long way of individual conversion. Competent observers tell us that not less than 10,000 souls are there annually joined to the Church. Others will have it that a leakage of more than corresponding size is operating to the disadvantage of Catholicism. After all, the progress of religion is not to be gauged by mere numbers, but by the character of work, institutions, persons; by the spirit and temper of the majority; by the ideals entertained; by the lives of sanctity and sacrifice that its confessors live. Neither numbers nor wealth make churches great; otherwise we should have to despise the poor recusants who sustained the Catholic faith in England from the days of Elisabeth and the poor Irish laborers and soldiers who have been for over a century the principal heralds and apostles of Catholicism in every part of the world where the English tongue was spoken.

Even in the northern kingdoms of Europe there have dawned better days for the Catholic Church. Within a generation it has created a foothold for itself. The grain of mustard seed has been planted, and to-day there are about 10,000 Catholics among the 10,000,000 who form the population of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. Some seventy missionaries are at work and there are about twenty churches. This nucleus has not been easily created. Religious liberty came late in the polar kingdoms. In 1847 the penal laws were abolished at Copenhagen; in 1847 in Norway. In 1869 Sweden granted a practical toleration, though Lutheranism is yet strong, and dissenting bodies are yet taxed for the established religion. The two thousand Catholics from among its five millions people are, indeed, only a grain of mustard seed. Yet it is more than St. Olaf found when he converted these tribes to Christian faith. We may witness a return to the Catholic unity of the countrymen and country women of St. Bridget of Sweden. The labors of the Catholic sisterhoods, the severe, unselfish toil of the Catholic missionaries, the zeal with which Catholics throw themselves into works of economic,

social and utilitarian importance win the consideration of their Northern brethren, and help to break down the wall of prejudice that has so long existed.¹

Catholic zeal has even included Iceland. French priests labor there for the last thirty or forty years, and lately a Catholic sisterhood has been established. It is true they are chiefly occupied with the sailors of the French fishing fleets, but their presence cannot fail to assert long-hidden truths and to open gradually the hearts of this remote and toilsome little people to the just claims of their ancestral Catholicism, in and through which they were once effective members of the mediæval "Cosmopolis."

What shall I say of the story of Catholic Ireland? or why should I attempt to tell in one brief moment the phases of a long and bleeding drama? You know that there is but one act in that tragedy, one chapter in that history—wrong and oppression. And that wrong and oppression have been borne and are yet borne by the Irish Catholic people for the sake of the religion of Rome. For that religion they have foregone the comforts and improvements that modern times have brought to every land of Europe. They have borne the brunt of iniquitous land-laws, the odium of social ostracism, the humiliation of a compulsory ignorance, and of a social prose-

¹I translate from an article of Professor Krogh-Tønning of Christiania the following paragraph as showing the bent of a certain class in the Northern Kingdom. The writer has since become a Catholic:

"There are many among us who look with wonderment upon the remarkable unity of the Roman Church; who see therein a community which has preserved its own through all the ages without yielding to the cries, the mockery, and the threats of the world; without fear of numerous apostasies, while we are intimidated by the spirit of modern society, and sacrifice one after another all our spiritual possessions. Such persons see in the Roman Church a unique ecclesiastical body, which preserves its internal extrinsic unity in spite of the times, while we break up daily into new sects and religious parties. They say to themselves: The Roman Church, and she alone, corresponds to the Biblical image of the One Church; our ecclesiastical body, on the other hand, seems like that which the Scriptures condemn to destruction because of its internal discord, all the more so that many of its members look upon disunion as an expression of the higher freedom of the spirit. Those of whom I speak look up to the Roman Church as to an ark of refuge, and they apply to her the famous words of Bagler in the poem of Welhaven:

Ich sage, ihr Maenner und Knechte,
Ich schwor 'es auf meinen Schild:
Ich wuenschte, der Asen Geschlechte
Kehrt wieder in Nordlands Gefild."

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lytism that offered them bread for a soul. All the sufferings of all the Catholics of Europe and America are small as compared with what Ireland has borne for the sake of Catholicism. She has even been cut in two, for she has sunk in the struggle from a population of 8,000,000 to a population of about 4,500,000. And this awful bleeding process still goes on. In seventy-five years (1820 to 1895) Ireland sent to the United States about one-fourth, 3,723,356 souls, of the whole immigration. In the year 1893 out of a European immigration of 488,832, there came from Ireland 49,233, between fifteen and forty years of age. In ten years this little isle has given to the great Republic of the West about one-ninth of her own actual brain and sinew, her grace and her gentleness. You may say that they went for the good of Ireland, that they have created a greater Ireland over the sea, that the 8,000,000 of Irishmen once shut up in Ireland are now 25,000,000 over the world; that God has trebled their number and manifolded their influence. Be it so! But nothing can compensate for the extinction of a nationality. Nothing can fill in the heart of Mother Ireland that aching void for those millions of her children gone out over the world's highways in tears and sorrow and sweat and humiliation! Oh! holy armies of immigrants, I salute you! You went forth with the armor of faith and the holy and original weapon of labor. You streamed across the oceans of the world that were surprised at such an inundation of men and women thrust violently from their green hillsides, their rich valleys, their fishy rivers, their solemn mountains. You were an army of apostles. You lifted the shame and disgrace from the Catholicism of the Continent. You showed what the liberty of the spirit was. You revealed the holy religion of active protest, eternal protest. You were called intellectual slaves, priestridden masses—but your courage and ingenuity and perseverance never failed. You were the first to win the liberty of the common law for Catholicism—that liberty which your brethren of the Continent would now gladly enjoy. God's hand was upon you ever going and coming. I believe that when these mighty movements of peoples,—the huge passover that is now going

on in the world,—are done, it will be seen that the most mysterious of all these great displacements of population was the practical transfer of Ireland from the Old World to the New; that it is no less providential than the divine calling in which Israel went down out of Egypt into Canaan, or the Greeks were scattered around the Mediterranean, or the Wandering Nations came out of the frozen North and overflowed the Roman Empire.¹

There is going on all over the civilized world a last stage of a process that began one century ago,—the transition from monarchical forms of government to those forms that are based on the principles of democracy. A student of history is blind if he does not know that every form of government has its weaknesses; that not one has yet been permanent; that under all both governor and governed are capable of wrong-doing and oppression. But he is still blinder if he does not recognize the signs of the times. The abnormal development of the sciences of nature, man, and society; the inventions and discoveries that have so greatly modified the universal conditions of space and time, diminishing one and multiplying the other; the disappearance all over Europe of the old economic-political conditions; the creation of enormous working democracies in the new world as examples of what may be done in the future,—all these are things that no wise man can shut his eyes to. Industry, commerce, travel, invention create and scatter a wealth that was formerly gathered chiefly from the land and remained largely in the hands of stable minorities of land-owners. Now it is gathered from ever new sources; to-day from the depths of the reefs of the Rand, to-morrow from the sands of Cape Nome. Add to this an instruction ever more widespread and ever reaching down to the masses; add the imminent opening of whole sections of Asia, of all Africa, perhaps of the Flowery Kingdom, and you have the elements of a certain fixity in the evolution of democracy on the lines now laid down.

The Church of Jesus Christ cannot be foreign to a move-

¹ Cardinal Gibbons in the *Irish Ecc. Record*, Jan., 1896.

ment like this. Independent of, transcending all forms of government, she is herself a perfect, self-sufficient, well-equipped society, with the well-known will of Christ for her constitution and the spiritual welfare of man for her proper scope. Yet the Church is deeply affected by the conditions of human society,—I have spoken in vain so far if this be not clear. Now, in the coming century it is well that there should be in the Catholic Church vast masses of men to whom the democratic spirit is native and original while the Catholic faith is equally native and original. These are the children of Ireland. I do not hesitate to say that they are the true future leaven of Christian democracy in the New World. In Catholicism, as they know it, there never was caste or privilege, or immunities, or any acquired distinction that could offend or give scandal, or furnish the civil power any shadow of excuse for jealousy or interference. The relations of the Irish people with the Church have,—perforce some will say, I think by God's providence,—been of an almost purely spiritual character. Between the altar, the priest, and the sacraments on the one hand, and the masses of the Catholic population on the other, there were no pampered and comfortable aristocracies, ecclesiastical or civil. There was but one sweet unity, very simple and easy, the unity of a common martyrdom; of a common hope in God and heaven, for they had none on this earth; of a common poverty and chastity that made of the whole people almost a monastic democracy.

How admirably John Banim has voiced this democracy of feeling and interest in his tender little ballad of the "Soggarth Aroon":

Loyal and brave to you,
Sagart arun
Yet be not slave to you,
Sagart arun.
Nor, out of fear to you
Stand up so near to you—
Och! out of fear to you,
Sagart arun!

Who, in the winter's night
Sagart arun—

When the cold blast did bite,
 Sagart arun—
 Came to my cabin door,
 And on the earthen floor
 Knelt by me, sick and poor :
 Sagart arun ?

Who, on the marriage day,
 Sagart arun,
 Made my poor cabin gay,
 Sagart arun ?
 Who did both laugh and sing,
 Making our glad hearts ring,
 At the poor christening,
 Sagart arun ?

Och ! you and only you,
 Sagart arun !
 For this I was true to you,
 Sagart arun !
 In love they'll never shake
 Who for ould Ireland's sake
 A true stand and part did take,
 Sagart arun !

They are, I maintain, a living proof of what Gregory VII. once said, when the Roman See was in its worst straits, that the Pope and the people,—*papa et populus*,—were enough to overcome the hosts of injustice. I need not go over for you the story of how Daniel O'Connell,—blessed name,—led the people to the victory of Catholic Emancipation, of the sympathy of the clergy and their co-operation with the people in all their trials ; how they withstood prison and confiscation for them ; how the cruel years of the great famine came and the latest apostolic wanderings of the race began ; how the Anglican Church was disestablished ; how the national schools were kept open to the influences of religion ; how countless men and women gave themselves generously to God with the certainty of expatriation ; how the collegiate education of Ireland has been provided for despite every obstacle ; how they have refused the glittering prize of high places in the imperial

administration if only they would be satisfied with something less than a frankly Catholic University.

Outside of Europe, the history of Catholicism in India is a clear proof of its inborn beauty and power. At the beginning of the century there were Catholics only in the Portuguese possessions about Goa, only four bishops and some twenty missionaries from Europe. To-day there are Catholic communities all over this vast land. Although not more than two millions are Catholic out of the two hundred and fifty millions of its population, still there are some thirty bishops, some eight hundred missionaries from Europe, and three thousand sisters, of whom two-thirds are natives.

As the English government has made the possessing of university degrees a requisite for public employment, all classes of the population must study in order to rise. Hence the old Brahmin world has been aroused. India is no longer the land of vice and rags, of toil and taxes, that it was in the days of Edmund Burke. There is now something better in India. Schools of higher education exist, especially in English India; academies and convents, seminaries and parochial schools, in which many thousands receive annually a Christian training. Orphanages and hospitals exhibit the charity of Catholicism. The devotion and generosity of the missionaries have gone far during the periodical famines to win souls to Christ. The Mahometan states of Northern India are a sad obstacle to the propagation of the faith, but perhaps the conduct of the government of Catholic Portugal has been equally disastrous. Jealous of its ancient prerogatives and of the growth of English influence, the government has for sixty years put every obstacle in the way of a suitable organization of the general interests of Catholicism. It has created an unhappy and disgusting schism, the schism of Goa, and vilified the Catholicism of Rome before the millions of Brahmins and the missionaries of Protestantism. From Gregory XVI. to Leo XIII. the Holy See has made many sacrifices,—the latter has at last been able to erect (in 1886) a proper hierarchy in India, and there are good reasons to hope for a regular progress of the Church

under the protection of the common law. That progress will be extinguished the day that Russia sets up her standard of authority in India, for between its Byzantine violence and arrogance and the fair play of a great democracy there can be only one choice for the Catholic Church.

The discovery of Africa has completed the throwing open of the material world begun by Columbus, henceforth we have only the icy and useless lands of the poles to investigate. In Africa the Catholic Church has made incredible progress. On the soil of Algiers and Tunis French missionaries have rebuilt the churches of Tertullian, St. Cyprian and St. Augustine. Its 800 bishops in the time when it was Roman Africa dwindled down gradually under Arabic Islam until only one faint voice was heard in the eleventh century, begging help and consolation from Rome. But to-day the ancient see of Carthage has been restored, a noble basilica rises again on the Byrsa, and a spirit of progress and general activity pulses through the veins of a Church that was always ardent, holy and intensely Catholic. Along that historical coast from Mount Atlas to Alexandria are now churches, dioceses, colleges, seminaries, institutions of charity. In 1800 there were some 15,000 Catholics in Algiers—to-day there are 580,000 with 650 priests. Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, Morocco, Egypt may yet see a universal restoration of the religion that made them once a truly civilized land. Even the Sahara is opened up to the holy influences of Catholicism now that the Mahdi's power is hopelessly broken. The White Fathers of Cardinal Lavigerie have penetrated the Soudan, and we may hope one day to see them abolish the terrible slave trade that yet disfigures our times. Along the coasts of Africa Catholicism has gradually won its way. They have been in the past, unfortunately, dominated by the weak and jealous government of Portugal. Hence, on the west coast the progress is yet slow and imperfect, with a faint good hope in the Congo missions, where Belgian Fathers work with zeal. In Ethiopia there are 35,000 Catholics, the bright hope of a future union between the ancient Christian Church of Abyssinia and the See of Rome. Could we close the Coptic schism in Egypt, and shake off the dead hand of a worn-

out heresy of the fifth century, we should have a useful race fitted for missionary work in Africa. God send us more men like Cardinal Massaja, the good old Capuchin, who toiled for them during thirty-five years, and fewer politicians like those who brought about the moral ruin of Italy at Adowa !

On the east coast the extinction of Portuguese authority promises hope, inasmuch as it leaves the Church free to exercise her spiritual power without the jealous interference of a civil authority. Surely every thinker in Portugal must have wished their missionaries back in the territories that England seized on in 1890, thereby ending any hope of a Portuguese and assuring English domination in the south of the great Dark Continent.

Here is where Catholicism has especially flourished. In 1827 there were 50 Catholics in the Cape Colony ; there are to-day four bishops and 125,000 Catholics. Numerous missionaries who speak the English tongue are found there, also all those works that Catholicism begets wherever it is established—works of education, charity, zeal, and general utility. The Kaffirs and Hottentots, even the hunted and abused Bushmen, are the objects of its religious zeal and charity. Not the extinction of races, the survival of the fittest, the use of rum, bayonets, opium, and every vice are the scope of Catholic propaganda. Seldom have races been extinguished by it. What the Spaniards did on the discovery of America we repudiate and point to the conduct of Las Casas and to the noble theoretical instructions of the Council of the Indies dictated by the large hearts of Las Casas and his brethren.

We know that results are small in comparison with the millions of the African population? What are the divine intentions with regard to Africa? What were the divine intentions with regard to North and South America while Columbus was ploughing his way across the Atlantic, towards India, as he thought? It was not so. God was opening a refuge in the New World for the swarming masses of Europe. He was preparing a new home for man where every energy and every form of activity would have endless field for action.

We are here now for four centuries, we pioneers of Europe. And yet, though a never-ending current of immigration helps us, what have we yet to do in order to people these continents, in order to extract from their soil all the possibilities!

So, too, God has doubtless a great end in view in Africa; and one does not need to be a political mystic to believe that He is working for the best in spite of passion and injustice and hideous warfare and the slaughter of innocent men on both sides, and the tears and sighs of mothers and orphans all over the broad Veldt and in every corner of the British Empire. Peace often dwells beyond a sea of blood. These American lands of ours have been soaked with human blood—the eternal inevitable law of sacrifice that the Count de Maistre has so magisterially described. The awful baptism has begun for Africa—European against Arab, white man against black man, brother against brother, family against family. Ophir and Golconda are discovered, and the passions that slumbered while wealth was won slowly and in the sweat of every man's brow now rage wildly when wealth pours along in floods of Pactolus. Who shall tell what will be in Africa one century hence? It is the secret of heaven. We may rest assured that the record of Catholicism will be, in the future as in the past, a record of peace and reconciliation, by its nature foreign to politics and civil intrigue, marked by works of charity and human elevation, and that it will have then, as now, its Lavigeries and its Massajas.

In other centuries the Catholic Church has had to lament the loss of many thousands by the spread of great organized schisms and heresies. Such has not been the case in this century. The old schism of Jansenists in Holland counts barely five or six thousand souls. The German Catholicism of Ronge, the "Petite Eglise," the French Catholicism of Chatel left no traces. The various attempts at founding an Italian National Church have been in vain. Perhaps the only one that lives is that of Old Catholicism, which has its seat in the Protestant parts of Switzerland, but has no longer any vitality or promise of development. Here and there a philosophical heresy has put forth its head—but, as a rule, all such

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have had short lives, whether they came from Germany or France or Italy. In its hunger for simple conclusive formulas of certitude that shall work as clearly and as easily as the laws of nature, more than one untenable principle and method have been advanced. Their condemnation has often been worked out with pain and scandal and recrimination—but, after all, is Catholicism a philosophers' forum for free discussion, or is it the administration of a divine religion? It is surely the latter. No doubt the yoke of authority is hard to bear—the temper of the human mind is naturally toward a free and unhampered exercise. Yet sad experience has shown humanity how in that uncontrolled tendency there may lurk, finally, evils greater than those which follow the exercise of humility.

The strict discipline which is imposed on the mind by logic, on the tongue by language, which is indispensable in the family, in daily life, in the army, in all social processes, cannot be so harmful or useless in matters of philosophy and those provinces which lie between philosophy and religion. This truth dawned a century ago in the heart of Châteaubriand and Lamennais. We have had the humanitarian religion of Comte and the New Christianity of Saint Simon, yet what iota have they advanced mankind? We have the most boundless liberty of investigation, the most perfect equipment of schools, yet there are millions who protest in every land that the life of the common man is growing every day less lovely, less truly free, less rich in opportunity; that he is passing into an atom of society, a kind of unit of production and consumption. Nor are orthodox Catholics alone in this. John Ruskin spent his life and fortune in proving that our modern curiosity and material development were turning the world into an inartistic and cruel machine shop. Matthew Arnold consumed his life in teaching similar things. How regretfully this poet of agnosticism reminds us that

"The sea of faith

Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore

Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.

But now I only hear

Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Repeating, to the breath
Of the night-winds, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world."

There has been all along the nineteenth century an awakening of religious life that argues splendidly for the reality and permanency of the forces that underlie Catholicism. The civilized world has been covered anew with a white vesture of churches that atone for the desecration of so many by war and impiety since the days of Luther and Calvin. Beside them in every land arise institutions to dispel ignorance, to console sorrow, to protect the helpless, to feed the hungry, and to assuage the evils of sickness and disease. The services of the Church have again taken on something of the pomp and majesty of old; the liturgies of Catholic Europe have been gradually unified, as a symbol of Catholic unity. The music of the liturgy has to some extent been restored to its pristine beauty. The altars of religion have been made once more the throne of the God of Eternal Beauty. The faithful have learned again to know and to love the paths that lead to the House of God. The Sacred Humanity of Jesus Christ has become once more the object of the devotion, not only of women and children, but of men—such as it was when the holy martyrs of old died for love of the God-Man. The saving mercies of Jesus, His Atonement, His headship of our race, have been emphasized in the ever-increasing respect and love of His Virgin Mother. The reality of Catholic holiness has been made visible in the frequent canonization of men and women who exemplified in a rare and heroic degree the virtues of a Christian life. God has dealt tenderly and mystically with many chosen souls. The habit of pilgrimage has revived—*Lourdes* has drawn many millions of men and women up the path of a better life. And to-day while the world adores the Golden Calf at Paris, it is potently drawn to that remote and inaccessible valley of the Bavarian Alps where Christ seems again to walk the earth among poor and loving villagers, again is hung on the bleeding tree of Calvary as a spectacle of grace to a world grown weary of husks and shadows. A

militant spirit pervades the Catholicism of to-day, so much so that its enemies accuse it wrongly of being a political movement. It does but avail itself of the weapons that the world puts in its hands—the right of free speech or the press, the right of associating or private initiative and endeavor. Hence a vigorous Catholic journalism, annual congresses of laymen and ecclesiastics, associations for every conceivable good purpose. The churches hold again in many lands their synods, diocesan, provincial, and national. Unfortunately, it is only in the old Catholic lands that these meetings are hampered or looked on with disfavor.

In a general way, the foreign missions of Catholicism have roused the zeal of the people and the clergy. Seminaries have been created to sustain them; enterprises like the Propagation of the Faith, and the Holy Childhood, that have collected and spent nearly sixty millions of dollars since 1822, have nourished private generosity, especially in France. The Leopold Union in Austria, the Bonifatius Union in Germany have kept alive the same holy spirit. The home missions to the poor have created the work of the Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul eternally connected with the memory of that rare scholar and fine Christian, Frederick Ozanam, and with his little band of fellow-workers that have so multiplied in fifty years. St. Francis, too, has come back among us, perhaps slowly, with his genuine poverty and detachment. May they grow as an offset to the too ardent pursuit of wealth and pleasure, sure forerunners of decay in all epochs of the world's history! All this Catholicism, so varied and active and attractive, tends to become more and more international. What is new and good and popular in one land is soon passed on to another. Thus the democratic spirit of the age carries on a holy intercommunication and levelling that have been difficult since the close of the Middle Ages. The old lines of national traditions are much affected by these processes that are too akin to the inner spirit and purpose of Catholicism to be arrested. Lands and peoples must react on one another more and more quickly, more and more intimately.

Already there is on all sides a heightening of mental activity, a sharpening of the popular powers of observation,

a willingness to transfer into daily life the improvements or progress of a religious character that each people sees among its neighbors. So from Lourdes the religious art and pious literature of France make the round of the world ; from St. Anne de Beaupré a breath of the inner and more solemn spirit-life penetrates the masses of manufacturing New England. The graces of the Holy Spirit are thus blown about the world on the same wings that blow the seeds of evil ; the currents that destroy the embankments of society in one place do but build them up in another, by some deep and hidden law of divine compensation, without which our hope would be faint and our faith often very cold and barren.

As usual, the arts have found in Catholicism during this century a protector at once of taste and munificence. It was the sight of the splendid art creations of the High Middle Ages that turned towards Catholicism the minds of many men of the German romantic school early in the century. Boisseree, Görres, Brentano, Reichensperger and others felt instinctively that the religion which created such masterpieces could only be a benefit to humanity. Since their day Germany, France, England and Ireland have seen arise more than one grave and noble Gothic pile less costly than the older ones, but handing down truly the spirit of an unworldly Catholicism. Many old churches of the Middle Ages have been worthily restored. No one can walk to-day under the roof of Cologne or of Speyer without feeling that here a breath of genuine genius has passed. In painting the school of Overbeck, Veit and Cornelius has saved Catholic art from the reproach of secularism and insipidity.

In France Ary Scheffer, Hippolyte Flandrin and James Tissot have nobly sustained the reputation of the eldest daughter of the Church. The two Reichenspergers and Rio have left the world richer by philosophies of Christian art. The rare and delicate skill in making of pictorial window-glass has been revived at Chartres, Munich, Innsbruck, Venice and elsewhere. We have no Houdons, or Canovas or Thorwaldsens to show,—sculpture does not rightly flourish in a romantically inclined age, which wishes to *see and touch*

and handle rather than to *know intimately* and symbolize in some eternal, unchangeable form. We wait impatiently for the great musician who shall seize the Ariel-like spirit of the time and offer it to our hearing in a divine permanency. No Mozart or Beethoven comes. Powerful efforts are made by a Wagner and a Gounod. Some think the master now walks the earth on that Italian soil whence we might easily expect him. Perhaps we are too little spiritual, too little other-worldly, ever to hear those celestial tones that can be caught only by men who dwell habitually beyond the veil,—can be tasted and admired only by other men to whom the problems of life and the soul, their questionings and struggles and answers are higher than the gross and level earth. The musician is the sculptor of poetry,—he will come when the world has again some raw material of romance, ardor, faith, enthusiasm, devotion of self, a common passion for the perfection and fulness of all the springs of life. And when this king of all the artists comes, he will find in the Catholic Church the mighty spaces for his song, on its altars the holiest inspirations, and in the things of beauty that it has begotten the worthiest setting for the last messages of God to humanity.

THOMAS J. SHAHAN.

SOME RECENT VIEWS ON THE BOOK OF ECCLESIASTES.

The Synagogue has prescribed the reading of the book of Ecclesiastes (Qoheleth) for the autumn season. The sad and melancholy thoughts with which this book is replete and which it never fails to awake in sensitive hearts are in striking harmony with the season of the fall of the leaf. Perhaps therein lies the secret of the interest which is always found in it, of that kind of fascination which it has not failed to exercise at all times. It is vain that in chapter xii, v. 12, we read this recommendation: "My son, be on your guard. . . . there is no end of making books in great numbers." Commentators never weary of writing about this strange book. The object of the present paper is to review the most recent articles upon this subject.

The latest study comes to us from the Catholic University of Toulouse, from the pen of Père Condamin, S. J.¹ He states and emphasizes excellently the most important problem of the book, the doctrine of Ecclesiastes on future life.

The attitude of the exegesis of Ecclesiastes depends to a great extent upon the interpretation given to v. 21, chapter III. Père Condamin prefers to the sense of the Masoretic Hebrew the rendering given in all the ancient versions and preserved in our Vulgate: "Who knoweth if the spirit of the children of Adam goeth upward, and if the spirit of the beast goeth downward?" But this translation—the only one which can be scientifically adopted—seems to contain a doctrine incompatible with the character of an inspired book. There is no reason gently to transform the text, as the Massoretes² have done, and give to it, at the expense of truth, an air of

¹ *Etudes sur l'Ecclésiaste*—*Rev. Biblique*, Oct., 1899, Jan., 1900, July, 1900.

² "Rabbinic tradition had here a theological scruple with which neither the Septuagint nor St. Jerome were troubled. It is only natural that the punctuation adopted by the Massoretes should have been influenced by their exegesis."—Lolsy, *Histoire crit. des versions de la Bible*, 1892.

orthodoxy with which a legion of exegetes of our days¹ remain satisfied. Thus, Father Maas, S. J.,² without making even an allusion to the difficulty or to a different reading, proposes: "Who sees the spirit of man that goes upward, and the spirit of the beast that goes downward to the earth?" Père Condamin adheres to the text which literary criticism proves to be the one written by the sacred writer, but he is of opinion that this text, so sceptical, so materialistic at first sight, is perfectly in unison with orthodoxy, provided it be examined, as criticism demands, "in the light of ancient Jewish doctrines."

Hence, there will be no need to suppose, so as to save scandal, the now antiquated explanation, that Ecclesiastes is a dialogue between a sceptical sensualist and a sober sage, or a monologue between two interior voices—the one of passion and the other of wisdom—nor even to suppose, as some do in order to solve the difficulties, that there are numerous glosses and interpolations inserted with the intention of creating confusion and darkening the real meaning for dogmatic purposes. Not even a mention is made of Bickell's theory, according to which the confusion was merely due to a mistake of a bookbinder, who misplaced the quires of manuscript.³

If the learned Jesuit does not accept this opinion of this and that critic—Protestant or Catholic—upon the point, it is not that he disdains biblical criticism, or has not confidence in it. On the contrary, he knows very well how to ridicule "the attitude of many otherwise good men who are moved to indignation against these novelties, and display mere contempt for these minutiae." He points out quite justly a grave hiatus in the argumentation of exegetes who, on this point, assume the attitude of unflinching adversaries of modern criticism. They are content with stating that each particular proof is not conclusive, and consequently that the argument is without value, whilst the important point is the simultaneous presence of all the proofs. Until that is explained away, the argument is valid. Thus, in order to

¹ Abbé Motais is their best representative.

² The Problem of Happiness in the Light of Ecclesiastes.—*Am. Cath. Quart. Rev.*, July, 1898, p. 595.

³ The view of Bickell is endorsed and finely developed by Dillon, *The Sceptics of the Old Testament*, 1896.

shake the value of historical testimony, it does not suffice to show that each witness in particular is fallible; for the certitude which no isolated witness could have given, arises from a new fact, viz., the *ensemble* of the testimonies. Why, then, does he not admit the theory of Siegfried,¹ for example, who distinguishes different retouches: Q¹, Q², Q³, Q⁴, Q⁵. Because he believes that this conclusion is based upon subjective reasons—reasons which objectively would not lead any impartial savant to the same result. And this, because Siegfried has employed only one criterion, that of opposition of doctrines. It is difficult to avoid arbitrariness when a person pretends to determine strictly, by the control of ideas alone, the part of each author. In fact, many interpreters maintain the unity of authorship, which proves that the reasons given in favor of the plurality of authors are not very conclusive. This unity of authorship, Père Condamin sustains, and trusts he can explain. For, may not the same thinker who records his impressions, present without contradicting himself, points of view quite different, sometimes opposed? If there be, for example, opposition between c. vii, c. ix, 7-8 and c. vii, may it not be partly explained by recalling to mind that life has more than one phase; one sombre, the other smiling. An author such as Qoheleth should be compared to Pascal. Whoever has read Pascal's Thoughts knows full well how these notes jotted down haphazard offer the most abrupt contrasts.

If Père Condamin does not admit that one-half of the book consists of subsequent additions, it is not that *a priori* he disregards criticism. But he believes that the semblances of materialism presented by passages such as c. iii, v. 21, to which we will revert, may be explained in a satisfactory manner. To him it is evident that the Jewish doctrine upon the immortality of the soul was not as far advanced as that of the Pagans.² According to the Jews, death is a punishment. Hence such sombre pictures of Sheol, the repugnance which

¹ Prediger und Hoheslled, 1898, in Handcommentar zum Alt. Test. It contains a very good criticism of the text, and many excellent grammatical remarks.

² We are happy to see that despite certain prejudices propagated in some circles against the work of Rev. J. Touzard, S. S., "La doctrine de l'immortalité" (Rev. bibl., 1898). Père Condamin styles it an able article, and although differing from him in point of detail, accepts analogous conclusions.

they have against going there, the compassion which they express for those "*qui descendunt in infernum*. Ecclesiastes doubts not of the survival of the soul; but whilst all Jewish tradition says: We descend into Sheol after death, he asks himself: Who knows if the soul ascends? Where does it go? ¹ If it be not known, let us conclude that it is well, while observing the law of God in all things, fully to profit by the joy allowed in the present life.

If Qoheleth is the work of one writer, is Solomon the author? No, answers Père Condamin, after the prudent and learned Kaulen, since the language, the tone, the allusions are incompatible with the character of a king, especially a king like Solomon. Its composition must be assigned to a later period. All these points are forcibly demonstrated in the articles referred to.

But what about tradition? Tradition has never passed a decision on this question; the Fathers were never led by circumstances to pronounce on questions of authorship, to which, besides, they did not attach much importance—"Valde superflue quaeritur"—satisfied as they were with vindicating the divine origin of a book and investigating its doctrinal contents.

Here Père Condamin apologizes for "opening open doors." Still open though they may be, many refuse to enter, among Catholic exegetes, and, without any reason, refuse to see in the attributing of Qoheleth to Solomon a literary fiction, the presence of which, however, they are forced to admit in the Greek Book of Wisdom, ascribed to Solomon. Still, there is no reason whatever why, if we must do so in one case, we might not do it just as well in the other. This is why "Zenner, Prat, Durand, three Jesuit scholars, even Père Brucker, deem it impossible to attribute Qoheleth to Solomon" (p. 376).

¹Prof. Salmond, (*The Christian Doctrine of Immortality* 1897, pp. 167-8.) characterizes the book of Ecclesiastes as the one "which has the saddest tone of all the Old Testament writings, preaches most loudly the defeat of every way of seeking happiness of life apart from God, . . . reflects the story of the soul vanquished by the anomalies and mysteries of human life." Still he denies that passages like III. 21, recognize "no kind of future for man, or regard him simply as ceasing to be when he dies." Such passages form no part of the Old Testament teaching, but simply as "reflect moods of feeling, sinkings and fluctuations of hope, which may come at times on any mind in the dark and painful things of life."

Perhaps it is not so easy to determine the exact date of the composition of Qoheleth as it is to disprove the Solomonic authorship. However, it is evidently posterior to the Exile. From many indications quite suggestive, Père Condamin concludes, with the best modern critics, that the composition of our book must be placed about 200 B. C.

If, then, the author of Qoheleth "had lived in a transitional epoch, when religious dogma on the destiny of the soul was developing," it can be understood "that he hesitated between the ancient conception of the Sheol and the new and more consoling ideas which were paving the way for the gospel doctrine;" that he might have in many places spoken of the Sheol according to the traditional notion, and elsewhere proposed in a tentative manner the new idea of a soul separated from the body, which ascends on high after death. Hence, there would be nothing offensive in this passage, III, 21, "Who knows if the soul ascends?—nothing colliding with the ideas exposed in other passages of this book. These "Etudes" make us desire that Père Condamin will soon publish his complete and scientific commentary on Ecclesiastes.

Father Maas's article, already referred to, purports to treat of four questions: the authorship of the book, its literary form, scope, and doctrine. With much prudence he abstains from passing judgment about the author, saying, "the only views that must be here absolutely rejected are those destructive of the inspired character of Qoheleth" (p. 578). Apropos of the literary form, he is too absolute in excluding the dialogue between two interior voices, for the following reason: The possibility of this literary form in the case of an inspired book once admitted, all certainty as to its doctrine is destroyed, unless definite criteria be pointed out according to which various parts of the work can be determined. I fail to see why an inspired writer might not have given to his thought a kind of dreamy oscillation, might not have allowed it, as the wind of which Ecclesiastes speaks,¹ "to sweep towards the South and veer around to the North, whirling about everlastingly and returning again to its circuits," in order to soothe his imagina-

¹ Eccl., I, 6.

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tion and better picture the state of his soul. Although this principle will not be according to the taste of every one, does it not seem, perhaps, that the profit for the reader consists in penetrating the spirit of the writer? It seems to us that the résumé of the doctrine of Ecclesiastes and the analysis so logically and so scholarly given by Father Maas bears too close a resemblance to the divisions of Bourdaloue and that there is a certain exaggeration in comparing the light which Ecclesiastes throws on the problem of human happiness to the "light of the sun" even for the reason that "it is direct and reaching from end to end." Especially when the author had declared, in the first sentence of his article, that the book is "the most difficult to understand."

A somewhat different view is that sustained by Kaufmann.¹ To him the simplest explanation is the best. Qoheleth is an ancient who has not all the methods of thinking of Mill or Schopenhauer—he is not even a Montaigne; he is not a Frenchman, but a Semite. There is no necessity of seeing in his book a rhapsody of disjecta membra it is a dialogue or a monologue of the soul. There is no dislocation of the quires, but oscillation of the thought. It is the work of a believer, in doubt, a pleading of faith with scepticism. He teaches too exclusively the melancholy side of religion; and if he does not affirm clearly enough the hope of immortality, this is due to the fact that he lived before the Gospel.

There is certainly less psychology and a perhaps exaggerated fondness of logic in the theory of Professor Haupt, of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. He has not yet published his critical edition of the book of Ecclesiastes, which is about to appear in the "Polychromatic Bible," but he has summed up his main conclusions in a paper read before the Oriental Club of Philadelphia, in 1891, and since published.² Moreover, it has been the privilege of the writer to attend his highly interesting lectures on that book, at Johns Hopkins, in 1894-1895.³ Professor Haupt quotes Schopenhauer, saying:

¹ *Expositor*, June, 1899.

² *Oriental Studies*. A selection of the papers read before the Oriental Club of Philadelphia, 1888-1894. Boston: Ginn, 1894. See abstract of the above paper in Johns Hopkins University Circular No. 89, 1891.

³ See *Rev. Biblique*, July, 1895, or "The Oriental Seminary at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore," 1896.

"that a man cannot fully appreciate the second verse of Ecclesiastes until he has reached the age of seventy,"¹ and pointedly adds: "If this remark be true, it would seem as if the days of the years of all the commentators—whose number is legion—fell below the threescore years and ten, and that the rest of this strange though fascinating book is as difficult to comprehend as the beginning."

To substantiate or to illustrate his assertion, Professor Haupt gives a short history of the opinions of exegetes, refuting everybody, especially the sceptic Renan,² and asserting his own opinion as to the literary form of the book: "The contemporaries of Ecclesiastes, . . . being unable to suppress the book, . . . endeavored to darken its meaning for dogmatic purposes, saying: . . . 'Let us save the attractive book for the congregation, but we will pour some water in the author's strong wine.'" It might have happened that way. Did it? This is not conclusively established. As to the doctrine of Qoheleth, the learned Professor Haupt says that Luke XII, 15-31, "is evidently directed against Ecclesiastes"—a fact, he remarks, which had never been noted. To the rich man who said to his soul: "Thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease; eat, drink and be merry," God said: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." Now, there can be no stronger condemnation of the teaching of Ecclesiastes,—an epicurean teaching

¹ Schopenhauer's Works, edited by J. Frauenstadt, p. 526.

² Renan, *L'Ecclesiaste*. It might be interesting to read the list of the books on Ecclesiastes which Renan had in his library. We extract from his catalogue:

- 771. Ubaldi: *L'Ecclesiaste, da Renan*. Roma, 1893.
- 573. Brecher: *L'immortalité de l'âme chez les Juifs*.
- 573. Bruston: *Le prétendu épicurisme de l'Ecclesiaste*. Montauban, 1881.
- 592. Ledrain: *M. Renan et l'Ecclesiaste*, 1882.
- 620. Alfio Calli: *L'Ecclesiaste*. Catania Topea, 1885.
- 637. Boehl: *De Aramaeismis libri Koheleth*. Erlangae, 1868.
- 644. Castell: *Il libro del Coheleth*. Pisa, 1866.
- 657. Leimdorfer: *Der h. Sch. Kohelet im Lichte der Geschichte*, 1893.
- 712. Jamin: *Trad. nouv. de l'Ecl.* Genève, 1857.
- 660. Ewald: *Die poetischen Bücher des A. B.*
- 680. Gratz: *Koheleth*.
- 694. Hitzig: *Der Prediger Salomo's*.
- 697. Klostermann: *De libri Coheleth Versione Alexandrina*, 1892.
- 707. Kuenen: *Qoheleth*; L. Renan: *L'Ecclesiaste*. Leyde, 1882.
- 717. Lods: *L'Ecclesiaste et la philosophie grecque*. Paris: 1890.
- 736. Palm: *Qoheleth und die nach-aristotelische Philosophie*. Mannheim, 1885.
- 740. Plumptre: *Ecclesiastes*. Cambridge, 1881.

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repeated five times (ii., 24; iii., xii, 22; v., 17; viii., 15). "There is nothing better than to eat and drink and be merry"—than these words of Our Saviour. This ought to settle the question whether Ecclesiastes has any claims to canonical authority. But is it so evident that Our Lord wishes to condemn Qoheleth? And, even if the teaching of Ecclesiastes were of a lower standard than the Gospel,—the fulfilment of the old dispensation—would it follow that this book is not canonical? A more objective criticism of canonicity is supplied by the definition of the Church.

Strange enough is the fact that while objections are brought against the inspired character of the work, no doubts were raised as to the Solomonic authorship of the book. "Nowadays things have changed. There is scarcely a scholar of eminence now who ventures to defend the Solomonic authorship." Prof. Haupt rejects it mostly on account of the "linguistic features of the book." It teems with aramisms, and if the view of the Solomonic authorship were correct "there would be no history of the Hebrew language." What can be answered to that argument, I do not know. Nothing in fact would confirm that position so much as the ridiculous attempts made to explain, v. g., that "Solomon used the Aramaic language, so uncommon at his time, in order to show his erudition."

Had the author assumed the name of Solomon to give to his book more authority because, just as David was "regarded as the religious poet of the nation, so Solomon was looked upon as the impersonation of Wisdom, the representative of the largest practical experience and highest intellectual knowledge" this of course would not have been a *pia fraus*² as many imprudently say,³ but a perfectly allowable literary

¹ "The New Revelation taught a better spirit than that of the patriotic fierceness which is breathed in Esther. The despair of the preacher, which expressed the unsatisfied yearnings of the soul for its Redeemer, finds no echo in the books of the New Covenant." Ryle, "The Canon of the Old Testament," 2d ed., p. 190, 1895.

² Dr. Haupt aptly remarks in a foot-note (p. 37): "Nor can the author of the book of Deuteronomy who introduces Moses as having spoken the discourses contained in the book be held to be guilty of literary fraud or dishonesty."

³ "This kind of fraud is incompatible with the inspired writings," says E. Philippe (art. *Ecclesiaste* in Vigouroux' *Dictionnaire de la Bible*, 1898), "since Ecclesiastes has had Solomon as its author . . . We believe it more probable that it is a work of repentance and of his final years." It is a matter of regret that the author of

device."¹ But such a theory finds no favor with Professor Haupt; there is no author of the book of Ecclesiastes . . . of the book in the form in which it has come down to us. The original author was not a theologian, he was a man of the world, probably a physician (?) with keen observation, vast experience and penetrating insight." But the book we have is not intact.

Theologians tried to obscure it; then to eat up and distribute the text as much as possible, destroying the order and logical sequence. While things might have happened that way, they might also have happened otherwise. To substantiate a fact, conjecture is not sufficient. The volume of Ecclesiastes in the Polychromatic Bible will soon appear living and speaking through its colors. It will discuss many questions which could not be treated in a popular lecture; it will show more completely the critical views of the profession about the original order of the book; it will, perhaps, leave many people sceptical as to the objective value of the proposed restoration, and make them say with Qoheleth: "There is no end of making books in great numbers." It will be interesting to see whether Professor Haupt agrees with Siegfried in determining what passages had been written by the pessimistic philosopher (Q¹), by the optimistic epicurean (Q²),

this article, who has so easily determined the date and shown so much readiness in his answers to serious objections, accuses Bickell of practically destroying the substantial integrity and the inspired character of this book.

"The literary customs of these remote times were not those of our day. It has happened betimes that quite recent writers experienced no scruples in placing their works under the protection of names approved by anterior tradition; it is thus that the book of Wisdom is represented as being by Solomon. No one to-day admits this imputation. It cannot be said a priori that no other book or portion of the Scripture is found under the same condition.

It is very probable that Ecclesiastes no more belongs to Solomon than Wisdom. Hence we expose ourselves to falling into error if we feel ourselves obliged to admit for certain notions contained in this book a material exactness which they do not necessarily possess." A. Loisy, *La Critique Biblique, Etudes Bibliques*, 1893, p. 52.

Newman as early as 1834 wrote, "I say, then, of the Book of Ecclesiastes: its authority is one of those questions which still lie in the hands of the Church. If the Church formerly declared that it was written by Solomon, I consider that, in accordance with its heading (and, as implied in what follows, as in 'Wisdom'), we should be bound, recollecting that she has the gift of judging "de vero sensu et interpretatione Scripturarum Sanctarum to accept such a decree as a matter of faith; and in like manner, in spite of its heading, we should be bound to accept a contrary decree, if made to the effect that the book was not Solomon's. At present, as the Church (or Pope) has not pronounced on one side or on the other, I conceive that, till a decision comes from Rome, either opinion is open to the Catholic without any impeachment of his faith." On the Inspiration of Scriptures: *Nineteenth Century*, Feb. 1884, p. 697.

by the wise man (Q³), by the theologian (Q⁴), or by the different other glossarists designated by (Q⁵).

In Switzerland opinion is not as in Baltimore. Here is a thesis presented before the Protestant faculty of Theology at Geneva by Louis Maystre upon the morality of Ecclesiastes.¹ The author seems to be young, for he is very, in fact, too absolute in his ideas. He is severe on those who see in Ecclesiastes a dialogue or a composite structure. "It is enough to recall to mind," he says, "that defect of plan and lack of unity are common faults in all Jewish writings, that the race is not endowed with philosophical genius and that we must guard ourselves from expecting from them the logical works of Greek genius. To judge correctly of the product of Jewish thought we must set aside our 2,000 years of cerebral habits and to expect of the language simply what it can offer to us, a succession of affirmations, of experiences, of maxims, between which the thread which ought to bind them is frequently interrupted." However, there is an indisputable unity underlying the work; Qoheleth unflinchingly tends towards his end with monotony in his language, and intensity in his pre-occupation: vanity of vanities.

That Solomon is not the author is evident to M. Maystre. "Upon this point discussion is at an end." "The Jewish author is no longer a Jew. He has been disengaged from Judaism by probable influence and certain experiences. He has assumed something of the Grecian individualism and stands in opposition to the spirit of Jewish collectivism. If he has placed his doctrine in the mouth of Solomon, it is to give more volume to the speech which he directs 'against ritualistic religion, rigorism, ostentation, and pharisaical exclusiveness, exterior piety, mechanical prayers, material sacrifices.' And in performance of the work of destruction he has only given expression to the moral disorder of a number of souls; he has made his age speak—the end of the Graeco-Egyptian period. He has prepared the way for the Gospel. But in Qoheleth it is death which speaks, in the Gospel it is life."

It will not be now out of place to know what the best Jewish critics think of Qoheleth. Derenbourg¹ insists upon

¹ Louis Maystre, "La Morale de l'Ecclésiaste," 1895.

this fact: "the author had truly the intention of making King Solomon speak in such manner as he had conceived and understood him. His little book is a strange book which, in matter as well as in form, does not resemble any other book in Scripture." But to advocate that sentences such as "Fear God," etc., have been added by a later hand is to disregard completely the Israelitish conscience of our author, whose doubt never attacks the fundamental dogma of Judaism, and who feels the imperative need of soothing with such professions of faith the remorse manifested in the harshness of his language. There are, however, many phrases which are not from him, for, like all Oriental authors, he has felt himself at liberty to cite verses from more ancient authors; and such are those literary souvenirs which, strewn indiscriminately in the text, seem to unseasonably interfere with the progress of reasoning (vii, 1-8; ix, 1-7; x, 8).

As to the general tone of philosophical "causerie"² it is that of an ardent scepticism which concerts all the efforts that tempt man here below. The refrain that occurs at each step is that all is vanity. The destiny of man, however, disturbs our sceptic. What will be the difference between the end of man and that of the brute? Will a breath which ascends, in the case of the former and descends in the case of the latter, be detached from the dust to which everything is reduced? Qoheleth is strongly disposed towards fatalism. But this fatalism is encroached upon by doubt, and the religious sentiment of the Israelite presently transforms the fatalist into a sceptic. The idea of a just God has penetrated too profoundly into the heart of Qoheleth not to restrain his disappointed and discontented spirit. It is this that gives the peculiar charm to this little book; it is scepticism tempered and limited by the impassable barrier which that dogma, the base and center of Judaism, opposed to it."

¹ "Notes détachées sur l'Ecclesiaste" in the *Revue des Études Juives*. October, December, 1880.

² "Admirable for the expression of feelings, the Hebrew has no plasticity for reasoning. The Semitic languages are by no means accommodated for the expression of confused ideas. They seek the living feature, the spark; they dissect reasoning, and display its members. Qoheleth had the philosophic spirit, but he had not a philosophic language at his disposal. His hopeless efforts to effect reasoning resemble the tortures of an accomplished musician struggling to execute a complicated symphony with an orchestra entirely incompetent." Renan, "Ecclesiaste," pp. 78-86.

As to the date of this book, Derenbourg believes that he can determine it by means of the particular thoughts which should betray its origin, especially the passage which we cited at the beginning of this article. He says: "Judaism has had the rare luck of falling under the control of philosophers only at a recent date. . . . If we except monotheism, all opinions have been able to push themselves into the light However, towards the commencement of the second century B. C. the influence of Greek philosophy began to be felt in Palestine. The ideas of Plato on the immortality of the soul were diffused. It is to this doctrine that Qoheleth alludes in our passage 'in insinuating that doubt which dominates his whole work.'"

Qoheleth "dares not to dwell on this doctrine, for he is too much attached to the religion of his fathers," he dares not identify himself with the thought which springs from a source as evil as pagan philosophy. "Qoheleth belongs, then, to the second quarter of the second century B. C." The Jewish critic is not very far from Père Condamin's views.¹

This same view is held by Von Hügel.² "As to Ecclesiastes, the difficulties of its apparent teaching have by no one been more forcibly put than by Bishop Haneberg.³ They are best met, if we admit: (1) that it was written in times of terrible anarchy and decay, about 200 B. C., and that it is "upon life not absolutely, but as he witnessed it, that the writing passes sentence;" and (2) that he stands between the pre-exilic period, when the individual found his end in membership with his God-loved free nation and the Christian dispensation with its clear and constant doctrine of the fuller life beyond the grave; and that hence, as the Ceremonial Law, according to St. Paul, so this book also helps to demonstrate the insufficiency of that Covenant which was then "decaying and near its end." (Hebr. viii, 13).

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¹The Book of Ecclesiastes, the composition of which ought to be placed, according to all appearance, at the period of the Persian domination; but as to construction of sentence, and as to vocabulary, it is tinged very much with Aramaism—Loisy. "Histoire du texte Hébreu."

²*Dublin Review*, Oct., 95, p. 301.

³"Gesch. der bibl. Offenbarung," 1876, p. 356.

THE EBB AND FLOW OF ROMANCE.

Everybody finds it easier to describe than to define the word "romantic" as applied sometimes to the Homeric books, oftentimes to Mademoiselle de Scudéry's "Grand Lyrics," and always to Sir Walter Scott's poems and novels. And most arguments about the meaning of this term end, as they end in Alfred de Musset's "Letters de Dupuis à Cotonet," in a series of contradictions.

Of late, interest in the philosophical and social forces that affect literary movements seems to have increased among persons busy about other things. And the excuse for this paper,—which contains the essential points of several lectures for students,—is that it is meant as an answer to several questions from such persons.

That the romantic movement and the reactions from it were dependent on philosophical, social and political influences is obvious. That they were not always conscious,—not always the result of rules or formulated principles,—seems quite as evident.

It is easy to prove that in the golden age of Spanish literature, the literary movement was not a conscious, philosophical movement.

The epoch of the drama in Spain,—that epoch which Cervantes, Lope de Vega and Calderon made, and which lasted about one hundred years,—was romantic. It was romantic both in spirit and in form. The famous plays of Cervantes, "Numantia" and "The Captives of Algiers," disregard all classical rules. Cervantes did for the Spanish stage what Corneille did for the French; he fixed its best elements. And Lope de Vega, his successful rival, carried on the work which Calderon's masterpieces finally completed. The seventeenth century, in the beginning of which Shakspeare died, saw in Spain Cervantes found a new school of novelists with "Don Quixote," and likewise pave the way,

in the drama, for the wonderful Lope de Vega and the still more wonderful Calderon. But, while Corneille borrowed largely from Spanish material, he remained classical both in feeling and form. And Racine, more human, more sympathetic, was almost an abject slave to the French versions of the rules of Aristotle. Corneille was so Roman in his feeling and so imitative of the models furnished by Seneca that it has been truly said that, as a rule, "all his men are demi-gods and all his women men." Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Calderon wrote as if the rules of Aristotle and the classical formulae never existed. They were as romantic as Victor Hugo, but they had merely to take episodes from the life around, to make thrilling incidents in a comedy of the cloak and sword or in that more heroic species of drama which answers to our idea of tragedy.

The Elizabethan romantic play of Webster, "The Duchess of Malfi," which is made up principally of ghosts and murderers, is not more regardless of the classical rules or more romantic than Cervantes' "Numantia" or Calderon's "The Physician of His Own Honor." Previous to Cervantes, the imitators of Italy,—the believers in imitation, which is the essence of classicism, had held sway; but Cervantes turned to the people and reflected the taste of the proud, fantastic, yet grave and religious Spaniard. He succeeded, he tells us, in such measure that during the progress of at least thirty of his plays not even a cucumber or an orange,—missiles used against the unpleasing comedians of the Spanish theatre,—was thrown upon the stage! Comedy, in the Spanish sense, was not comedy in the sense of Molière,—a play of manners ending happily. It might be a very serious drama, religious in motive, grave in method, yet not without comic incidents. Cervantes reduced it from four to five acts. From the Spanish point of view, "The Merchant of Venice" and "Measure for Measure" are comedies, though the Elizabethan would probably have called them tragi-comedies and the French critics of the eighteenth century refused to classify them except as barbarous.

Lope de Vega frankly says that he followed the tastes of the people. The king or the coterie had very little to do with

him. He was, although he knew thoroughly all the classical dicta, entirely democratic. No plot was too intricate nor episode too improbable for him. And "The Wonderful Magician" of Calderon will show how passionately romantic, how disdainful of the classical autocrats the last great master of the Spanish drama was. The golden age of Spanish literature was romantic and democratic. It was, as Heine says of literature in general, "a mirror of life." It was not a conscious revolt against imitation or arbitrary rules. Lope de Vega puts it naively when he said that "he gave the people what they paid for."

The religious side,—deep, essential, fervent,—of the Spanish people was not left out of their dramas. This romantic time has left some wonderful religious pieces which must grow in the estimation of critics the better they are known. There are the "Autos Sacramentales" of Lope de Vega and Calderon. Cervantes was the first to conceive, for dramatic purposes, the soul of man as a little world, in which all the emotions, passions, aspirations, sins,—supernatural grace itself,—is personified. The origin of the Spanish theatre was not religious, though, like all theatres, it expressed religion when the people were religious. The religious drama,—the "Sacramental Acts,—splendid, elevated, as rich in poetry and colored language as the studded background of a Byzantine madonna, is in gems,—is a distinct expression of the personal and national spirit of Spain. The form of the "Autos" is romantic. They represent the religious drama at its highest point, and they could only come from and appeal to a people to whom the teachings of religion were not only familiar but vitally interesting. They are no wild, semibarbarous miracle plays or moralities, but works of art and poetry, touched with divine fire. They are the product of trained theologians and philosophers, and they appeal to no illiterate people. They represent a special phase of the religious romantic literary movement.

If the poetry of Chaucer is romantic in spirit, it is only so in the sense that it was bound to no narrow treatment of subject or to no fixed models of imitation outside the poet's intellectual taste. The introduction to "The Canterbury Tales"

is realistic. No modern novel could, in the best sense, be more so. "The Knight's Tale" is romantic, if you will, because it clothes the Greeks of the old legends with the panoply of the Middle Ages. Theseus, the Greek, becomes a Duke, and the apparatus of the story of Arcite is brought down to the point of view of the fourteenth century. If we call Chaucer romantic because he represented life as he saw it and delighted in his own time, why not call Homer romantic?

"Chaucer's pages," says Professor Beers in his "History of English Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century," "abound with tournaments, hunting parties, baronial feasts, miracles of saints, feats of magic; but they are robed as well with the every-day life of the fourteenth-century England." Here we have romanticism and realism touching. And if we apply, as we may, the spirit of Professor Beers' words to Homer, we must admit that the chief of all Greek poets is a classic without being more classical than Chaucer, and that, at least in his picture of Odysseus and the lovers of Penelope, he was as romantic as Sir Walter Scott.

The drama of England down to the Restoration was frankly romantic. There was no conflict between the classical and romantic schools, though Ben Johnson doubtless sighed over Shakspeare's romanticism when he admitted that the author of "Hamlet" had little Latin and less Greek. It is certain that Shakspeare did not trouble himself about the rules of Aristotle and that there were no critics in his audience who objected to the form of "The Merchant of Venice" as unclassical. Dryden might have done so; but in the latter part of the sixteenth century Dryden had not yet begun to be the first of English professional critics. As it is, it is to his credit that when, under the French influence of the Restoration, Shakspeare had almost been forgotten, he raised even a timid plea for him. But, after 1688,—the year of Pope's birth and the beginning of constitutional government in England,—classicism came into fashion. The Italian conceits and euphuisms of Sir Philip Sidney and Surrey, carried to excess, had been ridiculed by Shakspeare and were out of fashion; and so were the spontaneity, the freshness, the love of the natural man, which had distinguished Shakspeare and the best of his contemporaries. Addison and Pope gave the tone to verse and prose; and,

reticent as it was, the apotheosis of the commonplace as it was, it showed a healthy reaction against the false sentiment and unbridled license of the years of Charles II. and James II. It was such prose and verse as comfortable deists might write—deists who would consider the Apocalypse an exaggeration in bad form and the death of a Christian martyr as a very shocking performance, which a grain of incense gracefully dropped before a well-modeled god would have prevented. Romance was out of fashion; for romance meant aspiration and unrest, an interest in the past, a reaction against the present, and Addison and Pope *et al.* were quite willing, before the comfortable fires of their favorite coffee houses, to believe that "whatever is, is right."

If Pope and Addison were aristocratic and classical, "icily regular, splendidly null," they preceded an era of democracy. The time when Addison could assume the mantle of Dryden and become an autocrat of literature was rapidly passing. The day of the patron was passing. The great Dean Swift might go about among his noble friends extorting guineas for his "little Papist poet, Pope;" but the years were at hand when historians, poets and all book makers were to appeal to the people, not to a "coterie." The Hotel de Rambouillet and the year 1600 were gone forever; the ladies, whose criticisms made or unmade Corneille, who encouraged the young Bossuet and displaced a court preacher because they could whisper to that arbiter of letters, the Cardinal Richelieu, that he used non-academic words, had passed like the snows of last year. The time was coming when the democratic idea which did not concern itself with kings and princes was to find expression in letters and to denominate. In France it came out in the romantic revolt of Victor Hugo; from '74 until his time it had been as sordid in letters as the Marats and Robespierres who let loose the hurricane of revolution. It was an appeal of the individual to individuals.

In France it was a conscious revolt, with principles and a formula. In England it expressed itself in a new vein of history; but, first, in the novels of Fielding and Smollett.

Shakspeare could not conceive a man heroic who had not noble blood. So sure of this was he that his first object when

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he went back to Stratford, a rich man, was to restore the family arms. Hamlet was a prince, Rosalind the daughter of a duke, Macbeth a patrician of his land, Perdita the daughter of a king, Portia of a great caste in Italy, and Romeo high among his people. Fielding changed all this, and the hero of the first great novel of the eighteenth century is a foundling. Moreover, Fielding holds the mirror up to nature. He is a realist, but he does not proclaim himself so. The time, as he pictured it, is a coarse and animal time, when religion had ceased to be more than a name for a comfortable belief that the Supreme Being would never think of damning anybody who paid an income tax. The comfortable middle classes began to reign.

The novels of Miss Austen and Miss Edgeworth preceded those of Anthony Trollope and have been succeeded by Howells and James. You can trace the line of realism back to Defoe. With Howells and James realism is conscious and analytical. Nevertheless, it is an imitation of the French philosophy of the realistic, while in succession with the spontaneous realism of Miss Austen, which answered to a demand from society, as Richardson's literary pap, flavored with Rousseau's rosewater and named "*Clarissa Harlowe*," had answered to a demand for a more sympathetic knowledge of human nature. Richardson was vocal of the democratic movement, though he probably despised it as much as he despised the principles of Rousseau.

In history Gibbon's "*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*," with its elaborate pagan paraphernalia, and constant march of processional sentences, showed that history aimed to be literature. But it is to Macaulay we owe the development of the democratic movement into history. "The historians," Macaulay says, "have imposed on themselves a code of conventional decencies as absurd as that which has been the bane of the French drama. The most characteristic and interesting circumstances are omitted or softened down, because, as we are told, they are too trivial for the majesty of history. The majesty of history seems to resemble the majesty of the poor king of Spain, who died a martyr to ceremony, because the proper dignitaries were not at hand to render him assistance."

The historian was no longer to write of kings and princes and battles, leaving the people, like dim spectres, to stand in the distance. It may have been that, with the exit of the Stuarts, kings had ceased to be picturesque. And, if it be a choice between principle and the picturesque, literature is drawn to the picturesque as the metal to the magnet. At any rate, English democracy,—nurtured at the time of King John and the Magna Charta,—had slowly come to maturity. Macaulay, at any rate, turned to the people, to the private and public records of daily life. Literature was to become more and more the expression of humanity, and it followed the movement towards the people and from the people. Macaulay himself expressed his theory of the historian's changed point of view, and faithfully put this theory into practice. The memoir, the diary, the letter became material for the writer of history. It was no longer a question of the progresses of Louis XIV. or of the plan of Waterloo; the lives of the men who fought, the social conditions of the families that stayed at home,—all these are now things for the new investigation. The legend of Stephenson sitting by his mother's fire and discovering the action of steam replaces the story of King Alfred and the burned cakes in the neat-herd's hut; the picture of Franklin and his kite found more admirers than that of the foolish Canute and the advancing waves. In fact, the waves soused the king and, if a monarch had burned his cakes, the people saw no reason why he should not eat them or go without. Macaulay's method was exaggerated by Froude, with whom history became the personal expression of untruth. History to-day concerns itself with humanity; it may be called the psychology of the people, and the people are no longer incarnate in the person of the king.

The poet, however, remains a democrat just as long as democracy can be made picturesque. The novelist, however, has a wider range, and is not so dependent on the picturesque. The novel was still realistic,—that is, it concerned itself with the probable in every-day life until Sir Walter Scott arose. There had appeared tentative romances, like Horace Walpole's and Mrs. Radcliffe's, but they were lurid phantasmagorias. Sir Walter loved the past, and a century that was bounded by

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such an unpicturesque event as the Reformation irked him. The stirring Border Ballads rang in his ears. Besides, the cult of Goethe had tinged him with German romanticism. Between John Knox, grim, Hebraic, colorless, rude, denouncing the "Sabbath" afternoon dances of Mary Stuart, and Mary, radiant, gay, distinguished, candid and a queen, he was all for Mary. Luther's vulgarity shocked him, and Calvin's pretensions filled him with contempt. Cromwell had good points for a romance, but those good points were only visible against a background of chivalry. It must be confessed that dear, old Sir Walter loved the glamour of courts, the clash of arms, and the panoply of feudalism. But he also loved the Gothic tracery of high-pointed spires and all the old world of which the cathedral and the abbey were the centre. And he loved, too, the creatures who would not have been what they were if it had not been for the old, yet ever new, religion. It would be untrue to say that Sir Walter consciously began a new movement in literature when he wrote the "Lady of the Lake" or that more influential work, "Waverly." He simply followed his bent; he liked the telling of a story so much that, in his declining days, the labor he delighted in physicked pain, and helped him to the highest heroism. "Peveril of the Peak" and "Lucy of Lammermoor," Edward Glendenning and the terrible Templar of "Ivanhoe" were of the company he cherished.

The ideal was never so obscured in England, religion never so much of a social convention, Utilitarianism so prevalent and Philistinism so self-conceited as in the beginning of the nineteenth century. The Reformation which had apotheosized the commonplace, had cut off the English from their ancestors. The glory of the elder day was forgotten or ignored. It is hard for us to realize the interest excited by the appearance of Sir Walter Scott's novels,—the memoirs of the time show that the "Wizard of the North" was the most talked of person in Great Britain. The reign of the romance had come. Realism, so far as it concerned itself with every-day life in England, was out of fashion. Utilitarianism gave way, at least in theory, to aspiration. To fly upward was the motto; to get beyond the narrow walls of the present was the desire.

Few writers on Christianity have acknowledged its debt to the imagination. They have tried, following the lead of the reformers, to support it by common sense,—when the fact is that the highest form of religion has as little to do with common sense as it has with the stock market. The apostle who made himself “a fool for Christ’s sake” was as much beyond the understanding of the average man of common sense as the ordinary reader of cheap magazines is below the poet of the Apocalypse. Sir Walter Scott, pioneer of the movement of aspiration, used the form of prose and the form of the novel; he was fortunate in that; the imagination of England caught fire. He showed that there were forgotten splendors in English faith and love. He re-peopled the cathedral and the abbey; he showed that the England of the Middle Ages was not the England of Foxe’s “Book of Martyrs.” He cast aside the curtains of the commonplace, and the English beheld a new world all their own. The heroism they had lost so long, the romance hidden from them appeared under the wand of the wizard:

“That through one window men beheld the spring,
And through another saw the summer’s glow,
And through a third the fruited vines arow,
While, still unheard, but in its wonted way,
Piped the drear wind of that December day.”

Men were glad to get out of the wind of the cold December and to feel the glow of the spring. A return to chivalry meant a return to the Church. Gradually the movement grew, and we have Cardinal Newman’s own testimony to the value of Sir Walter Scott’s influence on the re-reading of English history. The progress to the Church, in which Newman was so distinguished a figure, would have come,—for ignorance could not always prevail. But there can be no doubt that the romantic movement in literature, which Sir Walter Scott both led and responded to, softened the temper of the English by broadening their views and illuminating their imagination.

In France the romantic movement of 1830 was a revolt and a conscious revolt against classic literary forms. Romanticism with Scott was a question of subject, of atmosphere; with Victor Hugo it was a question of form. “Romanticism,”

Brunetière says, speaking of the movement in France, "was not only a revolt, but a revolt made in order to uphold in honor all that classicism had, if not dogmatically condemned, at least effectually rejected. Romanticism is the ardor of incorrectness," as opposed to classicism, which, according to Brunetière, is "the regularity of good sense, the perfection of symmetry." Heine makes the essence of romanticism consist of allegory and aspiration; he speaks for that German point of view that had influenced Scott.

Hugo's romanticism was certainly a disorder of the imagination,—violent because it was not only a rebellion against conventional and traditional rules, but, in opposition, because the French bourgeois, commonplace and self-satisfied, were as unspiritual as the English Philistines. The English middle classes that could be satisfied to look on Benjamin West as a great painter were no better than the bourgeois that acclaimed David and Horace Vernet. Hugo was abnormally revolutionary. "Notre Dame de Paris" is a monstrous vision inspired by the frightful chimeras that keep watch from the roof of the old cathedral of many memories. Alexandre Dumas was more deeply influenced by Scott than Hugo. Hugo represented psychological reaction against the classical; the romantic France, before Richelieu and Louis XV., charmed him; he threw himself into a great, open space and narrowly missed chaos. Dumas was a story-teller before all,—regardless of the probable, but with the power of making the impossible seem probable.

In all things the French go fast. It does not take them long to work out a problem. Lafayette's sentimental statement of the premises of the Revolution and the way they worked it out shows that. The revolt of Hugo against literary conventions did not stop with "Notre Dame de Paris" or with his drama, "Hernani." Dumas was an episode, influenced by Scott and answering a demand from France for fairy tales of the past. Dumas founded no school; he told his stories and all France listened to them. They were exciting, and it was easy to see Anne of Austria and Cardinal de Retz and the celebrities of the Fronde through his glasses. As an artist, he was less hampered by the facts of history than even Scott. If D'Artagnan must die in one chapter, why not

bring him to life in the next? He belonged to that school to which Sir Walter Scott has a suspicious leaning,—he was capable of making his heroine sea-green, if such a proceeding could add to the dramatic effect. There is no doubt, however, that he was as potent in the art of story-telling as was Sir Walter, and he held his hearers spellbound. While he wrote there was no room for other romancers.

But against the revolution of Victor Hugo there soon rose another revolt. Romanticism cloyed—the dungeons and donjons of “La Tour de Nesle” and the horrors of the old street of Paris were as dreams. There was a demand for pictures of the present and of real life. As in England Thackeray and Dickens, George Eliot and Mrs. Gaskell came after the romantic arrival of Sir Walter Scott, so in France the realists came after Hugo and Dumas. The movement in England was a gentle and gradual movement. Thackeray was the literary descendant of the realist, Fielding, and the sentimentalist, Sterne. Dickens owed something to a much lesser man, the elder Pierce Egan; and the difference in their earlier methods shows the difference in their preceptors. In France the realists announced a new philosophy. Balzac was not a mere teller of stories—“the idle singer of an empty day”—he was an analyst, a psychological investigator. His mission was to sound the depth of all humanity. The novel was no longer to be a romance; only the probable was possible. Balzac wanted to be taken seriously; he was the high priest of a new cult; so long as men and women existed, he could write—the inmost thoughts, emotions, virtues, sins of his time, should be laid bare.

Honoré de Balzac was by no means a republican; he was an aristocrat, and he always allowed his people—he even “encouraged” them—to believe in God. He had the methods of the realist, and hence his contemporaries declared that he was a realist, for literary form is everything in France. But his heart was the heart of a romancer. His *mise-en-scène* is as realistic as Dickens'; but he is often as romantic and grotesque as Dickens. Still, he is held, in France, to have begun that mis-named realistic movement which ought to have had for its motto, “Anything that the devil does we shall deem it our

mission to exaggerate." Realism, analytical realism, was acclaimed tumultuously. Balzac, the De Goncourts, Flaubert, followed one another. England already had realists as to method—Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot; and a realist who pretended nothing, who assumed nothing, who had no relations with the French school, but who belonged to the school of Miss Austen. This was Anthony Trollope. It was truly said of him that so long as men and women of the English upper-middle classes existed, he could go on writing. "Barchester Towers" and "Orley Farm" are the most typical examples of English realism, after "Pride and Prejudice," in our language. Mr. Howells and Mr. James have given us other good examples, tinged somewhat with the self-consciousness of the French—"A Modern Instance," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," and "The Portrait of a Lady" and "Washington Square." Of these, "Silas Lapham" shows plainly the influence of Balzac.

Realism itself could not escape analysis; the newer man wanted to dry it as the chemist dries alcohol. Every drop of water must disappear. And then the Darwinian movement was affecting life. Realism, after all, cannot escape being synthetical, since even the most scientific of the new school was forced to call in the aid of imagination. Here was the difficulty. Besides, Balzac,—even the all-seeing Balzac,—hesitated to say some things; Flaubert had his reserves. The movement of realism was hampered by prudery, and it was not sufficiently "scientific." Zola, instead of being the founder of a school, is the beginning and the end of an illogical attempt in literature to dig around the roots of animal life in search of the monstrous grubs that infest them. The naturalistic-scientific movement somewhat affected Matilda Serao in Italy and the clever Spanish novelists, among whom are Galdos and Madame Pardo-Bazan. In England it touched George Moore. In Russia it influenced Tolstoi and Dostoevsky. It has had no permanent effect, except upon D'Annunzio, who may call himself a pathological criminologist of the scientific naturalistic school. Literature, one sees, has for some time been forging cheques upon the Bank of Science just as that bank was engaged in playing the same game with the Bank of Theology.

In the drama,—which the aristocratic and classical French Academy and the Theatre Française had carefully guarded until Hugo broke down all conservatism with “Hernani,”—the physiological problem play of the younger Dumas was followed by a great horde of dramas, all analyzing the relations of the sexes. In manner they were exquisitely-technical. As to theatrical method, no stage ever reached the height of the French in the last thirty years. But no stage, except that of the Restoration in England, was ever so degenerate. It affected the theatres of the whole civilized world. It helped to produce the gloomy Hauptman in Germany and the gloomier sex-problemist in Denmark, Ibsen. It was so brilliant that the English and Americans, who have no opinions of their own on art, could only translate and imitate. Its force is spent, and the French theatre of to-day, like Italian art, makes bric-a-brac, and that of a frivolous kind. There are two men in France, however, who have redeemed the French stage,—Henri de Bornier and Edmond Rostand, who wrote the “Daughter of Roland” and “Cyrano de Bergerac.”

With “Cyrano” has come in France a tendency to idealism and romanticism. There can be no doubt that a new literary reaction was badly needed. “Cyrano” was a dramatic success, not because it was great, but because everybody of sanity and taste was disgusted by the public presentment of problems which neither the literature of the stage nor any literature could solve and which could only show literature as impotent and degraded. “Cyrano” has another meaning, too, but only a limited and narrow one. It represents that symbolistic movement which has not yet reached the modern literature of any other country. It can only be fully understood by those who know the history of the movement of preciosity under Cardinal Richelieu and the coterie of Madame de Rambouillet in France. We all remember how Moliere laughs at this in “Les Precieuses Ridicules,” and how Shakspeare smiles at the English counterpart in the character of Osric, in “Hamlet.” The chief of the symboliste movement in France is Henri de Regnier; he is an amateur of jewelled words, a maker of sonnets which are mosaics of sound. He is a rebel against realism and literary naturalistic

science. He and his school appeal to the senses rather than to the mind; each word has its peculiar perfume, each cadence is intended to arouse a mood, each pause puts the climax to an emotion; if you know how precious the aroma of words is, how vital the cadence of sounds to the receptive mind, you can understand why Roxane fell in love with opaline phrase and the ruby-tinted sentence and the emerald word and left out entirely the human being. Symbolism is part of the reaction against vulgar realism. The symbolist who slept with the swine when he was a naturalistic-realist, cannot now endure a crumpled rose leaf.

In English-speaking countries, the scientific realistic movement has spent its force. Reverence and mysticism are coming into vogue again, and with them the romance. A man who does not to-day assume that he would like to believe, if he could, is as much out of the fashion as the man who doubted Spencer or Huxley twenty-five years ago. And the more you believe, the more you are in the current of the stream. It is the old motion of the pendulum. Therefore the romance is king. Poetry is even coming into vogue; the poets are struggling out of their twilight, and it will soon be day for them. Everybody who is rich looks around for ideals, and everybody who is not rich hopes to acquire some as soon as he can afford to keep them.

In the fine arts we have been much affected by a movement which is partly literary. It was a stream flowing from the great romantic river of the beginning of this century—the river of romanticism that helped to fertilize the Tractarian fields.

The Pre-Raphaelite reaction meant the saving of England from Philistinism. It was a revolt against the unintellectual conventions that had stifled the beautiful in England. Ruskin, who, if he had lived a hundred years would have died too soon, gave it force in literature and in the art of painting; Tennyson exemplified it in his earlier poems; Dante Gabriel Rossetti expressed it in his verses and pictures. The intensity of the movement, its archaism, its affectations, almost sent the pendulum swinging back to Philistinism; but the education of the people had gone too far. The admiration for the great masters before Raphael, the demand of Ruskin that all artists should seek the beautiful in nature and depict it naturally,

the accepting of simple forms, differentiated and distinct, in preference to the artificial symbols of nature which conventional painters had used unreflectingly, were essentials of this movement. The influence of this Pre-Raphaelite movement spent itself in literature with "The Blessed Damozel" and "The Earthly Paradise." But in the art of painting, especially in the revival of the older forms of beauty for household decoration, the Pre-Raphaelite revolt has been very potent.

The clue to the romantic reaction—by which the Oxford movement was vitalized and from which the Pre-Raphaelites had their being—is thus named by W. J. Courthope in "The Liberal Movement in English Literature:" "If we are simply and solely positive, we shall not be able to create at all. The exclusive scientific order which the philosophers who have appropriated the title of Positive would impose on society is more remote from the reality of nature, or, at least, of human nature, than the wildest extravagances of the Arabian Nights. The revolt of the romantic school against the excessive realism of the eighteenth century ought to prove, *a fortiori*, that men will not tolerate an intellectual system from which the mystical and religious element is altogether excluded."

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

IN ARKADIA.

In the middle of the Peloponnesos, which constitutes the southern half of Greece, is the wonder-land of Arkadia. It is a region of wild and natural grandeur. Its physical attractions have been ensouled by the hauntings and enchantings of long ages of mankind. Its rocks and rivers and valleys teem with myth and history. And yet Arkadia is practically an unknown country.

While Greece attracts every year caravans and caravans of highly intelligent visitors, exceedingly few are those who rebel against blind obedience to the ciceroni, and direct their course away from the old ruts of common travel into such isolated and unpopularised localities as are these hidden retreats of ancient Arkadia. This is perhaps fortunate enough. For a profitable trip hither, even from so near a starting point as Athens, cannot be lightly planned, if the traveller wishes to be secure against various unpleasant annoyances. To the stranger who plunges into these recesses unprepared, the trip may prove to be as troublesome as it would have been incomparably delightful under the contrary circumstances. Arkadia demands from its guests special preparation and special tastes. The typical travellers who set out from Athens to visit predetermined spots in the interior of the Peloponnesos, after seeing the oft-praised tombs and walls of Mykenae and Tiryns in the plains east of Arkadia, are then transferred across Arkadia through the most unattractive and least historic part, into the plains of Elis, west of the Arkadian plateau, to see the ruined Altis and the masterpieces of art at ancient Olympia. Lack of ready-made conveniences, primitive methods of life and travel, and a certain insecurity of life and property, render Arkadia pleasantly accessible only to the energetic tourist who is not content with having the attractions of the country he visits marked out for him, and made of easy reach, but desires the exciting pleasure

of discovering them for himself and the exhilarating consciousness that they cannot be seen without unusual risk. But as tourists of this calibre are not frequent here, Arkadia is accordingly enjoyed almost exclusively by the occasional scholars who, urged by a sense of duty, visit it as specialists in Hellenic history and mythic lore, or who wish to see its remains of ancient art.

Arkadia, as a country of rare and noble natural scenery, can claim first attention among the attractive places of Europe; but as a rule, natural scenery does not sympathetically make us thoroughly feel its beauty or its greatness except when associated in our imagination with the life and story of man, and surrounded with tales of past strife or glory and sorrow. Fortunately the hills and dales of Arkadia teem with reminiscences of all kinds of lore; and local history, tales of adventure in bloody deeds or heroic acts, graceful myths and ghastly superstitions, episodes of frenzied love or consoling religion, as preserved in the songs of the untamed mountaineers and the folk-tales of the evening fireside, are localized in the valleys and crags and ruined abbeys and castles.

The province of Arkadia is an extensive and very highly elevated plateau standing in the middle of the Peloponnesos, with steep and in most places unsurmountable sides. Only on the west and south declivities is access somewhat easy into this table-land from several points. On these two sides the beds of mountain streams, and other pathways cut out by nature, are more frequent. And through these passes slow and antique communication is possible with the plains below. From the east side there are only four entrances known and frequented since classic times down to the present day. Of these, three are simply steepest mule paths. The fourth one, however, which leads up from Argos to near the site of the ancient city of Tegea, is so easy of access that it has been found possible, by good engineering, to build a railroad through it. This railroad runs across southern Arkadia, touching at the city of Tripolis and the town of Megalopolis, and thence continues on to Messenia.

From the north side Arkadia was also accessible in antiquity on foot or even by mountain horses. But a few years ago

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a great innovation was made here also. The Greek government, in order to be able to quickly bring the sturdy inhabitants of Arkadia down into the plains in case of war, built a railroad 12 miles long, which leads up into the northern and lower part of Arkadia, starting directly from the Korinthian gulf, and terminating at Kalabryta. This railroad is of the toothed kind, necessarily, on account of the steepness of the ascent; for in this distance of twelve miles, it makes an ascent of nearly twenty-two hundred feet. By these two railroads, both of which have direct communication with Athens and Patræ, the most frequented centers of travel in Greece, it is easy enough to reach the outskirts of the wild lands of Arkadia. But it is only after getting this far that difficulties begin.

This high plateau of Arkadia forms a kind of elevated square in the middle of the peninsula, or island rather, of the Peloponnesos. At each of its four corners there stands out a majestic group of mountain tops, which are quite high even above the general level of the Arkadian tableland, but which rise like monuments of God grandly above the surrounding belt of plains and the sea beyond.

Here it is customary to measure distances by the number of hours or days required to cover them in travelling. By this standard we may convey a notion of the extent of Arkadia by saying that one could ride through it from north to south on a mountain horse, which of course never quickens itself into a trot, in about three days of at least twelve hours each; and a similar trip across the plateau from east to west could be made in one day of from fifteen to eighteen hours' duration. This means continuous riding, and by the easiest valley-routes.

The plains that surround Arkadia and separate it from the sea are, on an average, about twenty miles wide. On clear mornings from the tops of the highest peaks on the plateau, nearly all of Arkadia itself is visible, together with good portions of the wide fringe of vine-clad plains, beyond which can be seen, reaching off as if into measureless space, the blue waters of various portions of the Mediterranean.

Within its four corners this great interior tableland is by no means a level plateau. It has mountains of its own, and corresponding valleys. Its mountains do not rise to the tall height of the border ones, but yet they are sublime enough; and its valleys are not extensive, like the rich plains below, but for that very reason are more strange. In the middle of the north boundary of Arkadia, between the two corner-groups of Kyllene to the east and Erymanthos to the west, rise the mountains of Aroania, about seven thousand feet high. It may be remarked in passing that this height is so much the grander because the tops of the mountains are only about thirteen miles distant from the edge of the sea, in the gulf of Korinth. From these Aroanian mountains there extends southward over the tableland a long and high chain, whose highest point within Arkadia is about five thousand seven hundred feet. This central chain divides the entire plateau into Eastern and Western Arkadia. And from this central chain lower mountains run out in both directions, thus entirely covering the country with low mountains and hills. Naturally among these closely-set mountains and hills the valleys are numberless. Nearly all of them are small, with the exception of that of Mantinea and Tegea north and south of the modern city of Tripolis, and the larger one around the town of Megalopolis. Thus the great high plateau is all an interchanging variation of lofty mountain tops and correspondingly deep and narrow valleys.

The western part of Arkadia is well drained by mountain torrents that quickly carry off the waters of rain and snow directly into the Alpheios, which is the principal river of the Peloponnesos, or into its tributary, the beautiful Ladon. But east of the central mountains a curious phenomenon is of frequent occurrence. Many of the valleys here have no outlet overground, although great quantities of water surge down into them. But in nearly every one of these closed valleys there is a natural opening in the earth, into which the water runs, and thus is carried off through underground passages to the plains below, where it reappears in springs and sources of small rivers. One such outlet surges up as fresh water out in the sea, near Argos. These strange chasms, called "kata-

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bothra" by the natives, that so lustily drink in this superfluous water, are a great blessing to the people of the valleys. But on account of the quantities of mud and wood and weeds which this water carries into the "katabothra" a stoppage of the chasm sometimes occurs, and then the water collects and stands in the valley, forming a mountain lake. It is easy to understand that such water, being almost stagnant, becomes a source of fevers and sickness to the villagers who nestle on the slopes round about. Accordingly portions of Arkadia are justly regarded as unhealthy.

Another cause that contributes to the unhealthiness of the villages is that often they are built on the shady side of the mountains, and thus do not enjoy sufficient direct sunlight. Still even these ill-famed districts are not notably unhealthy. And when the natives speak of them as being such, they mean that these regions are unhealthy as compared with the other parts of Arkadia. For if we, in our northern countries, were condemned to live with the other surroundings of dirt and privation which these neighbors of the closed "katabothra" enjoy, perhaps we would all very soon become an extinct people. Excepting these partially infected regions, the climate of Arkadia is extremely healthy and invigorating. In summer a certain fresh and at times even raw but not unpleasant air is continually in motion. It is not easy for us to associate the idea of a northern winter with our notion of what the climate of Greece is. This is because literature and travel have made us acquainted with the sunny climate of Attika and other seaside portions of Greece, but have omitted to impress us with the fact that in the interior and mountainous districts, the climate may be very different. Winter up here is long and severe; and while in the surrounding plains along the sea, the orange trees bloom, and the inhabitants can sit in the open air enjoying the southern sun in December and January and February, on these heights within easy sight of these cozy plains, the natives wrap themselves in their woolen capotes or huddle round their primeval hearths, to keep warm. But in summer they have their turn at comfort, for while the men of the plains swelter in almost unendurable heat, up here, with the exception of one or two hours at midday, the thermometer rests at about seventy-five degrees.

The sea washes against every side of the Peloponnesos. But the belt of plain that engirdles Arkadia has always prevented the Arkadians from becoming a maritime people. In this respect they were different from all the other important tribes of the Greeks. Homer tells us that in the eleventh century before Christ they went indeed to Asia Minor along with the other Peloponnesians to fight in the common cause of the Hellenes against the Trojans. But they were the *only* tribe that possessed no ships of their own, and the commander-in-chief, Agamemnon, had to furnish vessels to transport them across the Aegæan.

This island character of Arkadia caused the loss of its ancient name. For we find that while Arkadia, with nearly all of the Peloponnesos was under the sway of the French crusaders and their heirs, the name in common was not "Arkadia", but "Mesarea", or "The Midlands". That its ancient name should have disappeared and have been replaced by one that simply describes the locality of the plateau, is not so very remarkable; for long before the coming of the Franks, most of the old Greek names had entirely disappeared from the mouths and the memory of the people, giving place to new ones, not of Hellenic but of Slavonic origin, many of which are for some reason not yet explained.

This presence of Slavonic place-names is indeed one of the mysteries of Arkadian and mediæval Greek history in general. For when the French under Champlitte and Villeharduin came here in the year 1205, shortly after the capture of Constantinople by the Europeans of the Fourth Crusade, they found in Arkadia a population which in all respects seemed to be Greek, speaking a Hellenic dialect and having none but Greek traditions. And yet many of the names of places were, and still continue to be, in spite of the tendency to hellenize them, Slavonic.

The Franks, who came here as stray Crusaders, held most of the Peloponnesos, which then was called the "Morea,"—a name which thus has made its way into Western literature—for upwards of two hundred and twenty-five years. For more than one hundred years Arkadia was a part of this "Principality of Achaia," as the Frank possessions in the Morea were

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called. Under the control of these vigorous Westerners the Peloponnesos, which previously had suffered indescribably from repeated invasions and pillagings, began to revive. Arkadia especially began to flourish, and this in spite of an unbroken series of little wars, either between rival French barons who lived in their strongholds on the hilltops, or between the barons and their continually-rebellious subjects, or against foes from without. All throughout the land the French built forts and walled towns; in prominent and impregnable positions they erected castles and watch-towers to preserve their own and the public safety. In their castles the French princes and barons lived, surrounded by knights and vassals of Hellenic as well as of Western blood, in a romantic and savage grandeur that equalled the chivalric life of their kinsmen in Europe. But they have passed away. The frowning ruins of their castles still crown the tops of hills and crags. Some of their fortresses, like that of Karytaena, were so strong, and so well built, that five hundred years later they were useful in the long wars between the Moslems and Christians of Greece at the beginning of the present century. And although the spears of the iron knights no longer glitter from these mediæval castles, they are not any the less a source of fear to the Arkadian peasant. For many of them have been repeopled by another set of beings, more dangerous even than the mailed soldiers—by cobolds and nereids and other spiteful supernatural spirits that delight in vexing mankind. These ruins are avoided in time of night. In the folklore of the people, as preserved around their winter firesides in story and song, there is much that recalls the domination of the Franks; and tales relating to fair daughters of princes and daring rescues by knights, as told in connection with these crumbling old ruins, are often a remnant of the songs of adventure and chivalry that were sung in these once splendid halls by the world-famed troubadours of the strangers.

Prior to the coming of the Franks the country had relapsed into the lowest stage of civilization. It is easy to understand that to reach this stage on a downward course is more sad and hopeless than to reach it ascending from savagery. Life in Arkadia had again become a very simple affair, compared

with that of developed civilization. All were either shepherds or peasants. Of course, it may be true that this is the natural life for Arkadians; but it is not necessary to note that among peasants and shepherds there may be an immensely long scale of degrees of culture and intelligence. Here they were in the lowest. In all Arkadia there was but one school, as far as we know, and that was a monastic institution founded in the tenth century near the charmingly-situated town of Demetsana, by a citizen of that place who had gone to Constantinople and risen high in the estimation of the Patriarch Polyevktos and the Emperor Nikephoros Phokas. This monastery still exists, built in the cliffs on the west bank of the river Lousios; but its property has been confiscated, its library has been mostly destroyed, and its beautiful Byzantine-domed church is ready to fall into decay. The only institutions of civilization in those days were the churches and monasteries, both of which were exceedingly numerous; and it is probable that in most of the monasteries provision was continually made to have a few men that were capable of reading and writing. Accordingly, in these religious retreats some spark of book knowledge was certainly kept alive.

Although no other foreigners ever exercised so long a sway over the Arkadians as did the Franks, with the exception of their successors, the Moslems, yet when the Frankish dominion came to an end, that happened again which had happened with all previous strangers; although they left many outward marks and monuments of their dominion here, they had almost no influence whatever on the people as a race. As to the French, after their power was destroyed, chiefly by other Westerners and especially by the Catalans of Spain, most of them returned to Europe. Those who remained did so because they had intermarried with natives, as was frequently the case in Arkadia. These, adopting the religion and mode of life of the Arkadians, became themselves out-and-out natives. And only their names, preserved even to this day here and there, betray the Gallic origin of their wild offspring.

Of all the Greeks, the ancient Arkadians boasted to be the oldest. Their traditions declared them to have existed before the moon was made. They claimed that they were the first of

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men to come together and build a city, and that this city was Lykosoura. That Lykosoura was an exceedingly old and revered city is evident. It is to-day sacred to every worshipper of the beautiful in art, because of the wonderful pieces of sculpture unearthed there a few years ago. These treasures, representing the acme of ancient Greek art, are now kept at Athens in the National Museum. At Lykosoura, in antiquity, Demeter, the mild earth-goddess, and her mysterious daughter, Kore, were especially worshipped. The ruins of Lykosoura may still be located, in virtue of the discoveries referred to, on the slope of Mount Lykaeon, which likewise is associated with the oldest stories and theogony of Arkadia. On this mountain Zevs was born, the chief of the deities that succeeded to the old Pelasgian dynasty of Kronos, and here it was that Hagno and her associate nymphs took care of him as an infant. On the top of Lykeion there was a shrine sacred to Zevs, which no mortal ever desired to enter. For whatever living creature passed within it lost its shadow therein and was doomed to die within a year. But this holy mountain possesses a more tangible fame, for even in the days of the periegete Pausanias, when it was not customary to introduce into literature descriptions of natural scenery, this traveller makes an exception in his visit to Lykaeon, and records the vastness and beauty of the view from its summit. Lykaeon is, in fact, one of those points from which a large portion of the Peloponnesos can be seen rolling itself out in all directions. And the roads that lead up to Lykaeon and Lykosoura from the town of Megalopolis, founded by Epameinondas the Theban, as a bulwark against inroads from Sparta, pass along wild and interesting mountain slopes.

As being an early and revered center of religion and of other civilization, Mount Lykaeon remained important even in historic times. In the sixth century before Christ, a beautiful silver coin, with a head of Zevs on it, was minted here at Lykosoura, to be used as the common monetary unity of such cities as, loosely leagued together, formed what is known in history as the Arkadian Confederacy. These early coins, as well as different later ones, that likewise bear the head of Zevs, are still found in the soil and in the beds of the

mountain torrents of Arkadia, and thus find their way into the numismatical collections of Athens and Europe.

Not only the sublime Zevs, but also other Arkadian deities had shrines at or near Lykosoura. The high Nomian mountains that run towards the west from Lykeion were favorite haunts of the shepherd god Pan, a deity that naturally plays an important rôle in the mythology of this land of shepherds and peasants.

The Arkadians of old were lovers of music, and enjoyed widespread fame for their skill therein. The music of the flute, the choice instrument of their beloved Pan, and of the harp, were dear to every Arkadian rustic. He thought, at times, that he could hear the soft distant notes of the flute of Pan, as the god strolled along the cool streams, or sat under the plane-trees in the Arkadian grove. And on the slopes of high Kyllene, which in the northeast corner of Arkadia, out-tops even the neighboring peaks of Aroania, the twanging of the strings of the harp could be heard, for here it was that Hermes found the huge tortoise, whose shell he took, and by stretching cords across it, made the first stringed instrument of this kind. These Arkadian music myths are interesting when coupled with the historic fact that the Arkadians were really devotees of music, in its simpler forms. According to the testimony of the reliable Polybios, himself a native of Megalopolis, the Arkadians thought it no great loss to be ignorant of the other branches of learning, but regarded it as a disgrace to have no skill in music. On the great feast days, the young men took active part in representing their national religious dramas by singing the choral odes, and dancing in the orchestra round the altar of Dionysos. To this love of music did Polybios attribute the noble and good characteristics of the ancient Arkadians.

Outside of their skill in music, the Arkadians had no enviable fame in the intellectual line. They were even proverbially regarded as a dull people, and it became common for the later Greek comic dramatists to describe country simpletons by the phrase "blastema Arkadikon," or "Arkadian saplings." And since these comedians of the middle period were followed in this detail, as in every other by their Latin imi-

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tators, the term "arcadius juvenis," applied to some awkward clown, may often have brought roars of homeric laughter from the audiences of the old open-air theaters of Italy.

But for all that the Arkadians had their scholars, and men of eminent qualities in other ranks of life. Only in dramatic literature, in architecture, and in sculpture do we find a dearth of native Arkadian talent. Yet even in these lines they may not have been entirely sterile. For Pausanias mentions a noteworthy monument which he saw in the precincts of the Delphian Apollon, representing the Arkadian hero Azan Arkas, with his brothers and relations, dedicated at Delphi by the men of Tegea, and made by the native Arkadian sculptor Samolis. Among their scholars the most eminent was Polybios, one of the noblest and most philosophical of the long series of writers of Greek history, son of one of the last generals that fought for the autonomy of Greece. This historian is he who as a boy accompanied his father Lykortas to Messenia and brought back to Megalopolis the ashes of the murdered Philopoemen, the great leader whose skill and patriotism won for him in history the title of "the last of the Greeks." And in this sorrowful but sublime procession, with its character of eternity, like the reliefs on some old funeral marble, it was the young Polybios who carried the urn with the dust of Philopoemen in it.

The primitive inhabitants of Arkadia are said to have been Pelasgians. But who the Pelasgians were is still a mystery. They may have been not one people, but a conglomeration of peoples of various origin. In the other parts of Greece these Pelasgians retired before the influx of the newer tribes, that are thought to have been the ancestors of most of the historic Greeks. But here in Arkadia the Pelasgians were more firmly established, and continued to exist in these mountain fastnesses down to the beginning of historic times unmixed with other Greeks.

The mythical progenitor of this Pelasgian people, Pelasgos, was, by Arkadian myth, a native of these mountains. Story holds that he was the first civilizer of the Arkadians. He taught them to build huts for shelter, instead of living in caves or in the open air, and to wear clothes made of skins.

He taught them to select their food with more care from the products of the earth, and introduced the habit of eating nuts from a certain kind of oak tree. From this latter circumstance the Arkadians became known in literature as "acorn-eaters." This special kind of oak tree still flourishes all throughout Arkadia, and in places constitutes beautiful groves. But the acorns have lost their value as food, and now are gathered before becoming ripe and sent to Europe, to be used as a chemical in the tanning of leather.

Besides these beautiful groves of gnarled oaks, the trees that most attract attention in Arkadia are the extensive pine forests that cover the slopes of many of the mountains. Unfortunately, however, although the Arkadian is highly capable of admiring the usefulness and the cooling shade of a tree just as fully as though he had stepped alive out of the pages of Theokritos, yet he has no mercy for the trees if he happens to be a shepherd. Then the sense of beauty yields to the spirit of personal gain. For the forests, especially those of pine, prevent the growth of grass, and therefore are often ruthlessly set fire to and burned by these shepherds, to increase the extent of the pasture regions on the mountains.

Besides the oaks and the pines there are to be seen everywhere isolated and majestic plane-trees, which are especially numerous along the streams and the beds of torrents and by fountains. Indeed, along one stream, which the traveller may see on his way to Lykosoura, there grew such a profusion of these trees in antiquity that the river was called "Plataniston," or "Plane-dell," and, curiously enough, the name is still applicable to that beautiful region for the same reason.

After the mythical but not unreal Pelasgos, the next great benefactor and civilizer of the Arkadians was the hero from whom they took their name, as the instructive myth asserts. This man was Azan Arkas, who taught them how to turn the wool of their flocks into garments through the arts of spinning and weaving, and how to grind grain and bake it into bread, instead of eating vegetable materials raw. Arkas had learned from the mystic Neoptolemos of Attika the cerean art of sowing wheat and making bread.

Another interesting story from these remote days is that

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Evander, a native of the Arkadian town of Pallantion, after Arkadia had become entirely civilized, wandered away with a band of adventurous followers, eleven hundred years before Christ, and came to Italy, where he established a colony, and gave to his new home the name of his native town, Pallantion. But in time the name changed itself by distortion into "Palation." And from this name came the appellation of the "Palatine Hill." Evander's colony afterwards grew, by accessions from the surrounding country, into the great city of Rome. With him Evander brought to Latium a knowledge of music, as was natural for an Arkadian to do, and the old Greek alphabet, which by slight modifications constituted later the alphabet of the Romans. Thus from Arkadia, according to the story, were the first germs of civilization introduced into Italy.

Although the land of Arkadia constitutes a physical unit when contrasted with the lands lying about it, it is, nevertheless, by the smaller mountains within it, divided into a number of vales, which by their nature constitute so many immense dens, so to speak, within which the rustic inhabitants lived practically in independence of each other. This was the case in antiquity; and in the middle ages, when insecurity of life increased here, there existed almost no relations whatsoever between inhabitants of neighboring valleys, unless we call by this name the continual little wars of town against town, to settle disputes regarding the right to pasture flocks on disputed mountains. Even in the last century it is a known fact that the inhabitants rarely, and most of them never, visited those villages distant only a walk of two hours.

The gruff Arkadian was not, and is not, a man to make friends. In antiquity the Arkadians usually had no allies among other Greeks, but always had powerful and merciless enemies, especially the jealous Spartans. They generally knew how to protect themselves, however, and were among the last of the Greeks to see their independence torn away from them.

After Greece became a Roman province, the various Arkadian towns took part in the successive civil wars that divided the Roman Empire. And with the exception of the

single city of Mantinea, these unlucky Arkadians, out of a spirit of stubborn opposition and praiseworthy bravery, always took sides with the weaker party, and consequently were always doomed to be left with the vanquished. Thus, when Sulla carried war into Greece in order to drive out the armies of Mithridates, the Arkadians stood against the cruel Roman, under the banners of the hellenized Asiatic. Later, in the war between Caesar and Pompey, which ended by the victory of Caesar on the battlefield of Pharsalos, they fought on the side of the defeated Pompey. And when, after the assassination of Caesar, Brutus and Cassius tried to stand against the forces of Octavius and Antony in the passes of the gold mines near Philippi, the Arkadians, spurred on with the promise of being allowed to plunder Sparta if victorious in this battle, partook of the results of the hopeless defeat of Brutus and his associate. And finally, when Antony turned against his former friend Octavius, and was doomed to defeat in the world-famed naval battle of Aktion, most of the Arkadian towns had taken sides with Antony,—fated to be with the vanquished.

This unbroken series of ill-fortune, together with other causes of decay, brought ruin to Arkadia. The geographer Strabon, who, early in the first century of our era, travelled over a good portion of the civilized world, describes other parts of Greece in detail, but avoided going to Arkadia, remarking that its great cities had passed away, and nothing but heaps of ruins marked their former sites, and that the country was desolate.

Although Strabon's sorrowful epitaph over the dead cities of Arkadia was something of an exaggeration, nevertheless it is true that the period of great desolation had begun. This was increased by the frequent inroads of later invaders, beginning with that of Alaric and the Goths in 395 A. D., and by the destructive assistance of earthquakes and plagues.

After the departure of the French, the betterment in the condition of affairs introduced by them again decayed under the demoralizing rule of the Ottomans, which lasted down to the present century. But a certain spirit of Western chivalry, due in part to this Frankish rule, continued to thrive from

that time on in the mountain fastnesses. Its votaries were the celebrated klephts, or mountain refugees, who preferred to be roving outlaws and wild adventurers rather than to submit to the rule of the Crescent. And when, in 1821, the war-storm of freedom burst out, it was Arkadia that furnished the most reliable soldiers of the Peloponnesos, and the greatest hero of the war, Kolokotrones.

The present inhabitants are in character much like the ancient,—hospitable, as are all mountaineers, but yet not ready or willing to make friendship with others than their own townsmen. They still possess the uncouth and strong wit of their classic ancestors, together with their disregard for much learning. Their famed love of music is lost. For the songs of the peasants and shepherds cannot have the least claim in that line.

As in antiquity, so now, the inhabitants never live in isolated houses, but always in groups, forming hamlets or towns. All Arkadia now possesses but one center large enough to be called a city, Tripolis, which occupies a position between the ruins of Tegea and Mantinea, and is the modern successor of these famous cities; and yet ancient Arkadia had at least a dozen cities more important than this modern Tripolis.

Many of the modern villages are very picturesque; all of them are situated most romantically. The principal buildings in every village are the churches. The stranger is often surprised to find such imposing edifices standing in the midst of a village of huts. But the Arkadian of to-day, like his ancestors, is religious,—more religious than good. He delights in feasts, and in the “panegyrics,” or occasions of dancing, singing and eating that accompany church celebrations. Every mountain-top is crowned with a chapel, and has its analogous feast-day, when all the inhabitants of the village to which the mountain belongs ascend to the little plateau round the chapel, many of them dressed in mountain costumes of kilt and fez, where they first hear Mass, and then amuse themselves in lively songs and vigorous dances, and in feasting, in which roast lamb and resined wine play the chief rôle. It is also common to build chapels near springs of cool water.

These latter chapels are often sacred to the Madonna, under the title of "zoodochos pege," or "the Fountain that contains the Life-Giver," referring to the Blessed Virgin as Mother of God, while the chapels on mountain-tops are usually dedicated to the prophet Elias or to the Ascension of Our Lord.

That the ancient Arkadians were likewise religious is evident in many ways, and tangibly by the fact that they built most beautiful and costly temples. Two of the noblest temples of the Peloponnesos were in Arkadia; one at Tegea, sacred to Athena Alea, and the other at Bassae, built in honor of Apollon Epikourios. Of Apollon's temple splendid ruins are still to be seen; and of Athena's shrine there exist beautiful pieces of sculpture from the pediments and frieze. What a pity for the artistic fame of Arkadia that these temples had to be built by foreign artists! For the masterpiece at Bassae is the work of Iktinos the Athenian, who built the famous Parthenon on the akropolis of Athens; and the temple of Athena at Tegea was planned and decorated by the equally famous sculptor and architect, Skopas, from the island of Paros.

The villages are often situated at the heads of streams, on the slopes of theatre-shaped dells, where the gushing fountains serve both for furnishing drinking water, which the Greek, despite his like for a moderate quantity of wine, regards as the most luxurious of beverages, and for irrigating the gardens that often surround the houses of the smaller villages.

These village fountains are the beginnings of mountain torrents, which flow on until most of them empty into the Alpheios or its tributary, the Ladon. These two rivers carry off mostly all the waters of western and southern Arkadia. The source of the Ladon is one of the most beautiful imaginable. It rises, a full stream, suddenly out of the earth at the foot of the Aroanian mountains. In this Ladon, as well as in the crystal Lousios, in which the nymphs used to bathe the infant Zevs, the most beautiful of streams, and in other mountain torrents, there is an abundance of finest speckled trout and other fresh water fish, which would afford excellent

sport, but which the natives kill and catch by exploding dynamite in the streams.

These, then, are the wonderful hills and valleys and streams of Arkadia, with their untamed denizens, and something of their long and varied history of myth and lore, which make up the poetical land that, on account of its scenery, has been called "the Switzerland of the Peloponnesos."

DANIEL QUINN.

Kalabryta, Greece.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman (1802-1865), by Wilfrid Ward (Fourth edition), Longmans, Green & Co. London and New York, 1900, 2 vols. 8vo., pp. 579, 656.

Out of the correspondence of the Cardinal, the materials collected by Father Morris, S. J., the reminiscences of schoolmates and contemporaries, and other documents of value, Mr. Ward has compiled a life of Nicholas Wiseman that adds a new and useful chapter to the history of modern English Catholicism. After all, it was he who held the reins of government at Westminster during the stirring decades which saw the great influx of Oxford men and the numerous astonishing conversions of the most notable men and women in English society. It was through him that the new opportunities and openings for Catholicism were not allowed to lie unused. He spent himself in planning, suggesting, and urging. By tongue and pen and action he was ever in the forefront of the struggle, ever a gentleman and a patriot, but ever also a sturdy and unflinching man of faith. When one considers the strain of the work of a Catholic bishop in London, one can but wonder at the versatility and power of labor that distinguish this great man. Not to speak of the brilliant promise of his earlier years in the line of Syriac and Arabic, his occasional lectures, sermons, and discourses are of themselves a most valuable contribution to our apologetic literature, and serviceable for generations to come. He was, indeed, a "vir felicis memoriae," to which was added a more than common power of concentrating all his thought and erudition on the problem before him. Had he lived on at Rome in the atmosphere of the Via di Monserrato, he would have been another Cancellieri or Marini,—indeed, all his life he gave the impression of a great savant of the Italian school, doubled with the manner and temper of a princely ecclesiastic of the eighteenth century. It is doubtful if any foreigner ever entered Rome who was more deeply and intimately impressed with her spirit. In him the "Alma Urbs" found an apostolic soul not too unworthy to be placed beside an Augustine of Canterbury, and like him anxious to set up in England a replica of that

"Roma felix quae duorum principum
Es consecrata glorioso sanguine."

In this light we must read those pages of Mr. Ward's book which describe the administration of the archdiocese, the foundations of the Oblates of St. Charles, the relations of Henry Edward Manning to the Cardinal, the deposition or "liberation" of Archbishop Errington from his coadjutorship, the relations with the Old Catholics of England after the development of the Oxford Movement, the foundation of the Hierarchy in 1850, the government of St. Edmund's and of Oscott College. This life is written with "pietas" and moderation. It abounds in original materials, and though quite bulky (1235 pp.) does not pall on the reader, so varied is the panorama in which the son of the merchant of Seville claims our undivided attention. Involuntarily that other Englishman of humble birth, Wolsey, the son of the butcher of Ipswich, comes before us as we peruse these pages, and we are struck with two things,—the self-identity of English Catholicism after a trituration of three centuries, and the marvellous democracy of opportunity and advancement that obtains in the Catholic Church, so often accused of being the enemy of intellect, energy, progress and happy innovation. Again, Wiseman recalls Wolsey by a certain stately port and manner, as well as by his devotion to the cause of education,—

"Ever witness for him

Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford! One of which fell with him
Unwilling to outlive the good man did it;
The other, though unfinish'd yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue."

—*Henry VIII. (IV. 2).*

The passion of learning was dominant in Wiseman, but it was no dry and self-centred passion. He was an enthusiast, an apostle of light and activity, an opponent of every stagnation and "arm-chair" policy. His hand lies yet on the rudder of English Catholicism, and his noble and unselfish spirit is yet predominant in its counsels. T. J. S.

The Testament of Ignatius Loyola, translated by E. M. Rix, with preface by George Tyrrell, S. J. St. Louis: B. Herder, 1900. 8°, pp. 230. \$1.00.

This excellent book offers in an English dress the original account of his conversion and spiritual experience by St. Ignatius himself. It is in the shape of notes of conversations held with Father Louis Gonzalez between 1553 and 1555. These notes were taken down in Spanish and

Italian by amanuenses of the latter. Their original text has never been published, but the Latin translation of them made by P. Du Coudray was used by the Bollandists in their life of St. Ignatius in the seventh July volume. This autobiography is usually known as the "*Acta quaedam*" and was accessible to both Ribadeneira and Manare. The present translation is the Latin version just mentioned, which has somehow found its way into the Vatican Archives, bound up with "the very sheets on which the (Spanish and Italian) amanuenses of Father Gonzalez wrote at his dictation," Father George Tyrrell adds to the text judicious historical and theologico-historical observations, and Father Thurston furnishes a select bibliography of "sources" and "literature" for the study of the beginnings of the Society. The text of the autobiography is provided with explanatory notes and elucidations. Altogether, we have in these pages a very useful and timely contribution to our hagiographical literature, one that may be read by every one with profit for mind and heart.

T. J. S.

Le Bienheureux Raymond Lulle (1132-1315) par Marius André.
Paris: Lecoffre, 1900; 8°, pp. 216.

The editor of "*Les Saints*" introduces this volume with the following remarks: "Here is one of the 'Blessed' long forgotten, but truly original and new in his present aspect. It has been hitherto the custom to class him among those scholastics who ranged from the dryness and stiffness of their syllogisms to the reveries of alchemy. A contemptuous phrase or two was all he could look for in the manuals of philosophy. Scarcely did we know that he was really declared a '*Bienheureux*.'" While the present volume does not pretend to discover a new philosopher, it does present us with a thinker quite free from the follies of alchemy,—a profound theologian, an apostle resolute on impressing both language and logic into the service of the truths of religion, a man of action, an extraordinary missionary, a martyr, and at the same time a lover of nature, a poet, a troubadour of the south, a writer of inexhaustible capacity, whose varied works deserve a place beside those mediæval romances in which a burning imagination was wont to personify all things and to throw all thought into allegories and symbols, at once tender and precious, delicately conceived and breathing with passion. In these pages we hear of his stormy youth, his conversion, his brusque separation from his family, his long journeys through Europe, Asia and Africa, his insistence with popes, emperors and kings to bring about the unity of the Church and to conquer the world of Islam, his efforts to save the Templars from their own decadence as well as from the cruel rapacity of their enemies,—in a word, we behold a man not unworthy to

take place between St. Francis of Assisi, whose work he continues, and St. Ignatius Loyola, whom he somehow foreshadows. As we read these analyses or extracts from his works, in which Theology is cast into the form of a dialogue, and the Ten Commandments talk and act, are apostrophized, listened to, served and obeyed; in which the thought of his Lady in heaven mingles with his arguments, his sighs and his tears, we are carried back at once to the heroic age of the old romances of chivalry and the days of the great Trecento." T. J. S.

Cosmologie Hindoue, Dieu, l'Homme et la Nature, d'après le Bhâgavata—Purânâ, par A. Roussel, Paris, Maisonneuve, 1898. 8vo, pp. 384.

Père Roussel, of the French Oratory, presents in this work a summary of the teachings of the old Hindoo poem, the Bhâgavata Purânâ, a kind of Brahmanic encyclopaedia in which the Indian imagination has laid up its dreams and broodings on God, man, and the outside world. Some modern Indianists will have it that the New Testament has drawn from this work all that is original and vigorous in its Christianity, and that Vishnu-Krishna is the prototype of Christ—the Man-God. Hence a preliminary question arises as to the date of the Bhâgavata. Barth in his "Religion des Indes" (p. 112) says that the eighteen principal Purânâs are undated, cover in their formation a period of a thousand years, and copy one another. Eugène Burnouf admits that the compilation of the B. is modern, though its materials are old, and that there is in it no trace of Greek or Christian ideas, nor indeed have any positive traces of such been discovered in any Indian work. Perhaps, in its present form, the B. is the compilation of a hand of the twelfth or thirteenth century A. D. On the other hand Père Roussel demands stronger proofs than are yet forthcoming that the Bhâgavata is filled with "infiltrations évangéliques."

Following the translations of Burnouf and Hauvette-Besnault, which he has himself controlled, especially in all passages cited in his book, Père Roussel extracts and classes methodically the statements of the Bible concerning the unity of God, trinity, incarnation, pantheism, Mâyâ (illusion) divine goodness and providence, destiny, salvation. Then follows the doctrine of man, his education, life, death, caste, faith, good works, detachment, devotion and devotees. Finally come the outside world, creation, the ages of the world, and the Pralayas, or quadruple destruction by fire.

With these texts before us, we can appreciate the conclusions of Père Roussel (pp. 373-384) that while there is a kinship of phraseology between the Hindoo and Christian doctrines, there is no real similarity

of ideas. The Hindoo monotheism abolishes all *reality* of existence outside of God, and is therefore a pantheism. The Hindoo doctrine of Creation conceives a pre-existent matter, a kind of spider-like spinning of being out of itself. Its trinity of Brahma, Vishnu and Siva is not the doctrine of the co-equal triune God, but of divinities unequal among themselves and admitting above them a distinct fourth being, the divine essence. Though the Hindoos had the idea of a virgin-mother, yet Vishnu is not born of one, but according to the common way of nature. The redemption of Vishnu is only a final sinking of individuality in the universal soul, quite a different thing from the Beatific Vision of the Christian teaching. "If we compare the august person of Jesus Christ," says Père Roussel, "with Vishnu in some of his avatars; if we place the birth of the Infant God, as related in the Gospel beside the birth of Krishna as it is told in the B. we do indeed find details of similarity that cannot easily be attributed to chance, yet, if we reflect on the comparative late date of the final recension of the B. and again on the historical fact of the early preaching of Christianity in the very heart of India, we shall easily understand that the last compiler of the B., whether it was Vopadeva or another, might have made use of the Gospel narrative, directly or indirectly, in order to ornament his narrative." M. Roussel refers to the "notes savantes et substantielles" of M. Sylvain Levi, entitled "Notes sur les Indo-Scythes," especially on "Saint Thomas, Gondophares et Mazdeo," published in the *Journal Asiatique*, Nov.-Dec., 1896, and Jan.-Feb., 1897. As a matter of fact, Krishna is as legendary a god as the one whose avatar he is said to be, while only the boldest scepticism or the most insensate atheism has ever ventured to deny the existence of Jesus Christ. The book of Père Roussel is an excellent side-reading for all philosophers who are anxious to know the genuine teachings of Brahmanism.

T. J. S.

L'Université d'Avignon aux XVII. et XVIII. siècles, par J. Marchand. Paris: Picard, 1900; 8°, pp. 326.

The history of the old "Studium" of Avignon has a very special interest for us. It was a pontifical university (1303-1792), and though it was principally a school of law *in utroque jure*, nevertheless it was governed to some extent by the representative of Rome at Avignon, and never failed to have recourse to the Holy See when its privileges or rights were threatened. The work of M. Marchand treats of the constitution of the "Studium," its professors of law, theology and medicine, the relations of the law-school to the "University," the officers, agents, and employees of the latter, the bishop-chancellor, the papal vice-legate, the

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municipal control, the Roman congregations, the Holy See, and the Kings of France. We get a glimpse, very instructive, at the formation of the faculties, the methods and the subjects of teaching, the examinations, the number, conduct and government of the students, the buildings and the budget. Apropos of its conflicts with the neighboring universities of Orange and Aix (La Fameuse), the history of the law and medical degrees of Avignon comes up for discussion. Like most of the old teaching corporations, it grew incapable of adapting itself to the changed requirements of the times. For two centuries before its disappearance it had gradually taken on the character of the French universities, and was destined, therefore, to go the way of decay and death that was only hastened by the Revolution.

T. J. S.

Annuaire Pontifical Catholique pour 1900, par Mgr. Albert Batandier. Paris: Maison de la Bonne Presse; 8°, pp. 648.

This very useful compilation acts as the complement of the "Année de l'Eglise" of M. Egremont (Lecoffre). It contains fresh and reliable information concerning the Roman Curia, the procedure of the congregations and tribunals, statistics of the pontifical "familia," the Catholic episcopate, etc. Excellent articles are also inserted on the "causes" of Saints actually pending, the latest discoveries, literary and monumental, in Christian archæology, the Jubilee, the Breviary, papal history, and many other subjects of special interest to ecclesiastics. In form it is almost a replica of Whitaker's Almanac,—which ought to indicate sufficiently its practical utility. The "Annuaire" has reached its third year of publication.

T. J. S.

Determination of the Resistance of the Air at speeds below one thousand feet a second, by Albert F. Zahm, Catholic University of America, 1900.

Some Theorems on High-Speed Balloons, by Albert F. Zahm, Catholic University of America, 1900.

1. A full account is given of the writer's research at this institution during the summer vacations of 1896 and 1897. The work contains illustrations of all the apparatus employed and a description of two new ballistic chronographs, one photographic, the other electro-chemical, which measure intervals of time smaller than one-hundred-thousandth of a second. By means of the photo-chronograph the speed of a bullet crossing a room can be measured accurately to one ten-thousandth of its true average velocity. The outcome of the research seems to be to establish, within the range of the observations, the law of atmospheric resist-

ance maintained on analytical grounds by Colonel Duchemin early in this century, but controverted by the most accurate of the other ballistic researches made during the past sixty years.

2. This is a dynamical study of the capabilities of a navigable balloon of great size. The computations show that such a vessel can be made strong enough to endure a speed of more than sixty miles an hour; that, with the motors now available, it can be practically propelled more than thirty miles an hour, carrying scores of passengers; that, at this speed, it can easily be controlled in all kinds of weather. Incidentally, half a dozen theorems are proved relating to the structural strength and hydrostatic equilibrium of an air-ship, and it is from these that the little work takes its title. The theorems were read before the International Aeronautic Congress in September of this year.

The Conception of Immortality. Josiah Royce. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co, 1900; pp. 91.

As Ingersoll lecturer at Harvard for 1899, Professor Royce discussed one phase only, but an important phase, of the problem of immortality. The permanence of the individual man is what we really mean when we say that there is life beyond death; and to make this meaning clear it is necessary to define the idea of individuality. This definition is easy so long as we deal with individuality in the abstract; but it is much harder to tell just what this individual is. Neither sense nor thought affords us an adequate knowledge of that by which one thing ultimately differs from all other things; for sense and thought have to do with types. It is in the will and its voluntary choice that we must discover the true meaning of individuality. It is something that we demand and pursue, though we do not attain it in this world. An individual is a being that adequately expresses a purpose.

The real world, as containing individuals, is teleological; the very idea of a real being is the idea of something that fulfils a purpose. The whole universe is an expression of the Divine Life. God, therefore, is the primary individual; and each human life is individual because it has its place and its share in the uniqueness of God's individuality and purpose. It is the indwelling life of God in us that inspires our longings for the ideal and the individual. "And just because individuals whose lives have uniqueness of meaning are here only objects of pursuit, the attainment of this very individuality, since it is indeed real, occurs not in our present form of consciousness, but in a life that now we see not, yet in a life whose genuine meaning is continuous with our own human life, however far from our present flickering form of disappointed human consciousness that life of the final individuality may be." E. A. P.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- Ouvriers des temps passés (XV et XVI siècles), par H. Hauser. Paris: Felix Alcan, 1899, 8°, pp. 252.
- Die Wiederherstellung des Jüdischens Gemeinwesens nach dem Babylonischen Exil, von Dr. Johannes Nikel. B. Herder, St. Louis, 1900, 8°, pp. 227. \$1.45.
- Hesychii Hierosolymitani Interpretatio Isaiae Prophetæ nunc primum in lucem edita, etc., a Michaele Faulhaber, ibid, 1900, 8°, pp. 222. (Biblische Studien IV, 2 and 3). \$1.60.
- The Biblical Theology of the New Testament, by Ezra P. Gould, D. D. New York: Macmillan, 1900, 8°, pp. 217.
- Saint Jean Baptiste de la Salle, par A. Delaire. Paris: Lecoffre, 1900, 8°, pp. 210.
- Pseudo-Dionysius in seinen Beziehungen zum Neuplatonismus und Mysterienwesen, von Hugo Koch. Mainz: Kirchheim, 1900, 8°, pp. 276. 7 Marks.
- Etude sur les Gesta Martyrum Romains, par Albert Dufourcq. Paris: Fontemoing, 1900, 8°, pp. 441. Francs 12.50.
- Cithara Mea, Poems by Rev. P. A. Sheehan. Boston: Marlier, Callanan & Co., 1900, 8°, pp. 246.
- Studies in Poetry, Critical, Analytical, Interpretative, by Thomas O'Hagan, M. A. Ph., D. Boston, 1900, Marlier, Callanan & Co., 8°, pp. 114.
- The World's Best Orators, Vol. IX. St. Louis: Ferd. P. Kaiser, 4°.
- Julien L' Apostat, par Paul Allard. Vol. I. Paris: Lecoffre, 1900, 8°, pp. 502.
- Ecclesiastical Dictionary, containing, in concise form, information upon Ecclesiastical, Biblical, Archaeological and Historical Subjects, by Rev. John Thein. New York: Benziger, 1900, 4°, pp. 749.
- Old Ire, A Reminiscence, by Lawson Gray. St. Louis: B. Herder, 1900, 8°, pp. 168.
- An Epitome of the New Testament, by Nicholas J. Stoffel, C. S. C. The University Press, Notre Dame, Ind., 1900, pp. 322.
- Christ, the Man-God, Our Redeemer, by Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S. J. St. Louis: Herder, 1900, 8°, pp. 87.
- The Pilgrim's Guide to Rome, by the Abbé Laumonier, translated by Charles J. Munich, F. R. Hist. S. New York: Benziger, 1900. 16°, pp. 235 55 cents.

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

The annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Catholic University took place at the University Wednesday, October 11th, at 10 o'clock A. M. The committees of the board on finance, studies and discipline and organization met on Tuesday evening in the committee rooms, Caldwell Hall, and discussed the different matters belonging to their work. The committee on studies and discipline consisted of Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan, of New York; Rt. Rev. Bishop Foley, of Detroit, and Rt. Rev. Bishop Horstmann, of Cleveland; that on finance of Most Rev. Archbishop Williams, of Boston; Most Rev. Archbishop Keane, of Dubuque; Rt. Rev. Bishop Maes, of Covington, Ky.; Rt. Rev. Monsignor Conaty, Rector of the University; Michael Jenkins, Esq., of Baltimore, and Thomas E. Waggaman, Esq., of Washington; and that on organization of Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia; Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, and Rt. Rev. John M. Farley, D. D., auxiliary Bishop of New York.

The board came together for its regular meeting at 10 o'clock in the senate room, McMahon Hall. There were present, His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons presiding, Most Rev. Archbishop Williams, Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan, Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan, Most Rev. Archbishop Keane, Most Rev. W. H. Elder, D. D., Archbishop of Cincinnati; Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, Rt. Rev. Bishop Maes, secretary of the board; Rt. Rev. Bishop Foley, Rt. Rev. Bishop Horstmann, Rt. Rev. Bishop Farley, Rt. Rev. Monsignor Thomas J. Conaty, D. D., Rector of the University; Messrs. Michael Jenkins, and Thomas E. Waggaman, treasurer.

After prayer the minutes of the last meeting were read and approved and the reported of the different committees were received. The committee on studies and discipline, through its chairman, the Archbishop of New York, reports approval of the courses of studies for the current year, and emphasized the importance of the course in philosophy as outlined by the instructors in that school for the benefit of all lay students of the University.

The report of the committee on finance, through the chairman, the Archbishop of Boston, approved as correct and satisfactory the financial accounts of the University. It recommended the early sale of the New Jersey and New York properties, and was well satisfied with the invest-

ments, all of which are well secured. The endowment funds at present amount to \$856,283.55, showing a cash increase over last year of \$38,476.70.

The committee on organization, through its chairman, the Archbishop of Philadelphia, reported on different matters relative to the schools of the University and to the affiliation of seminaries and colleges with the University.

An important movement was suggested in the School of Technological Sciences, and a committee, consisting of His Eminence the Cardinal, the Archbishop of New York, the Bishop of Covington, and the Rector of the University, was appointed to consider the matter of permanent and extensive development.

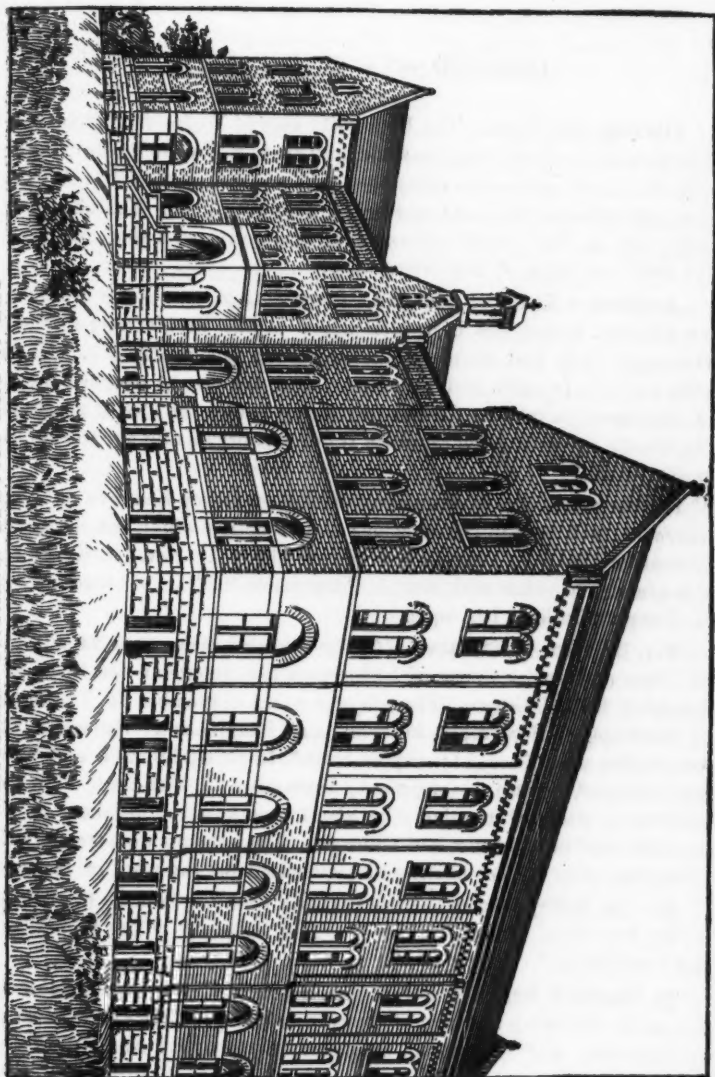
The report of the Most Rev. Archbishop Keane on his work for the endowment fund during the past year was most encouraging. Owing to his new duties as Archbishop of the See of Dubuque he is compelled to discontinue this work for the University, and several plans were under consideration by the board, with a view to the completion of the endowment fund.

THE MARIST COLLEGE.

The Fathers of the Society of Mary took possession in August last of their new College, a view of which is shown on the opposite page. The building occupies the central portion of the College property, which adjoins the University grounds on the north. It is solidly constructed in brick, with stone trimmings, and is provided with every convenience to secure the health and comfort of the occupants. From the upper stories the view is extensive and beautiful, sweeping over the city in the south, and long stretches of woodland, dotted with villages and farms, in the north and east. The grounds about the building are now being laid out in terraces and walks; eventually, the entire plot of ten acres will be used for purposes of recreation.

The Society of Mary was founded early in the century at Lyons, France, and was formally approved by Pope Gregory XVI in 1836. Its members are employed in parish work, the education of youth, and missionary labors. The central establishment is at Lyons, where the Father General, Rev. A. Martin, resides. There are 36 houses of the Society in France, 6 in Great Britain and Ireland, 17 in America, 3 in New Zealand, and 1 in Australia. The work of the missions is conducted principally in the islands of the Pacific. The Provincial in this country, Rev. O. Renaudier, resides in Boston.

In 1891, the Marists purchased the "Brooks Mansion" in Brookland, near the University. Here the Scholasticate of the Society was established in 1892. The property on which the new building stands was secured in 1897. The College in Brookland is now occupied by younger students who are pursuing undergraduate courses preparatory to their admission into the Society. At the new College there is the seminary curriculum in philosophy and theology; and the students follow courses in the various schools of the University.



THE MARIST COLLEGE (CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY).

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UNIVERSITY CHRONICLE.

Opening Exercises.—The University opened Wednesday, October 3d. The Mass of the Holy Ghost was said, at 9.30 A. M., by the Rt. Rev. Rector, after which the professors made the usual profession of faith. At 10.30 the professors and students met in the Assembly Room, McMahon Hall, where the Rt. Rev. Rector welcomed all and delivered a short address on the spirit and aims of university work.

Archbishop Keane of Dubuque.—Since the last issue of the BULLETIN Archbishop Keane has been nominated to the archiepiscopal See of Dubuque. The best wishes of the University accompany him. He has been truly its founder and benefactor since the day he resigned the See of Richmond to take up the task of making known the idea of a Catholic University, collecting the requisite funds and organizing the work. *Ad multos annos!*

The Very Rev. Vice-Rector accompanied Archbishop Keane to Dubuque, where he took part in the ceremony and reception which the clergy and citizens of that city gave to the new archbishop. Rev. Dr. Kerby was also present, together with Rev. J. Fitzpatrick, S. T. L., vice-president of St. Joseph's College, Dubuque.

Rev. Dr. Pace at Chicago.—During the week September 24–29, Rev. Dr. Pace delivered a course of lectures on Psychology at the St. James Assembly Hall, Chicago. The subjects were: September 24, The Study of Psychology; September 25, Sense and Imagination; September 26, Association and Thought; September 27, Impulse, Emotion and Will; September 28, Mental Development; September 29, The Soul. The lectures were attended regularly by about two hundred teachers in the parochial and public schools of Chicago. The subjects were treated with a practical view to the bearing of psychology on the work of teachers.

Rev. Dr. Kerby lectured at the Catholic Summer School, Plattsburg, N. Y., July 15th, 16th and 17th on "The Laborer," "The Capitalist," and "Socialism."

Dr. Charles P. Neill lectured at Plattsburgh, N. Y., July 30–1, August 1, 2, 3, on the following subjects: 1) Nature and Scope of Economic Science; 2) Structure and Growth of Economic Society; 3) Analysis of the Present Social Struggle; 4) Systems of Labor; 5) Nature of Modern Social Movements. Dr. Neill was appointed by President McKinley, on

June 29th, one of the five members of the Board of Charities for the District of Columbia, created by the act of Congress of June 6th.

Rev. Dr. Henebry.—Owing to the advice of his physician, Rev. Dr. Henebry will not resume his classes in Gaelic for one year at least. We earnestly hope that his illness will not prove serious and that we may soon welcome him back, restored in health and spirits.

Improved Transit.—During the past summer the line of the City and Suburban Railway was opened along Michigan Avenue, thereby affording more direct communication with the city. Michigan Avenue between Trinity College and the Soldiers' Home has been graded and macadamized.

Holy Cross College.—During the summer Very Rev. P. J. Franciscus, C. S. C., was appointed Superior of the Band of Missions of the Holy Cross. He is succeeded in his former position of Superior of the College by Rev. J. A. Burns, C. S. C. Father Burns completed his studies at the University of Notre Dame and received the degrees A. B. and A. M. He has been actively engaged in the work of teaching at Notre Dame and, in addition, has been for several years Superior of the Community House. His assistants in the College Faculty are Rev. Casimir Smogor, C. S. C., who has followed courses in Theology at this University for two years, and Rev. W. A. Maloney, C. S. C., who was until recently vice-president and director of studies at St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas.

The College library has recently been enriched by a collection of one thousand volumes, chiefly on philosophy and allied subjects, donated by Very Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., Provincial of the Congregation.

The Banigan Chair of Political Economy.—At the October meeting the Board of Trustees promoted to the Chair of Political Economy Dr. Charles P. Neill, who has hitherto been Associate Professor of Economics in this University. Dr. Neill received the degree of A. B. from Georgetown University, that of A. M. from the University of Notre Dame, and that of Ph. D. from the Johns Hopkins University. He was Instructor in Mathematics at Georgetown University in 1891; Assistant Professor of Mathematics in the University of Notre Dame, 1891-92, and Associate Professor of Mathematics in the University of Notre Dame, 1892-94.

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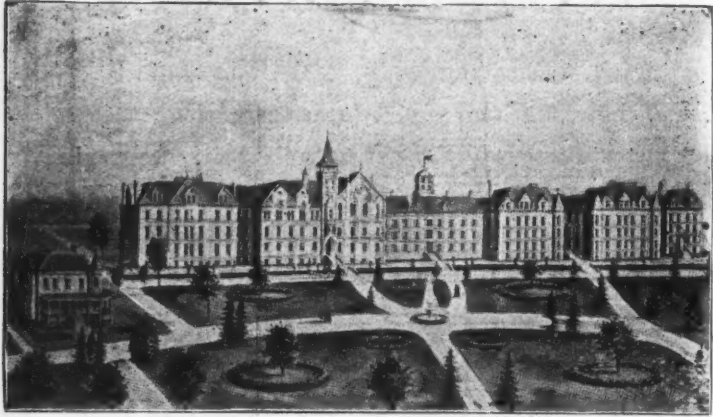
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